

COTTAGES AND THE HOUSING ACT. By A. R. Powys. ✓
HAMILTON PALACE COLLECTION OF PICTURES (Illus.). By H. Avray Tipping.

COUNTRY LIFE

27, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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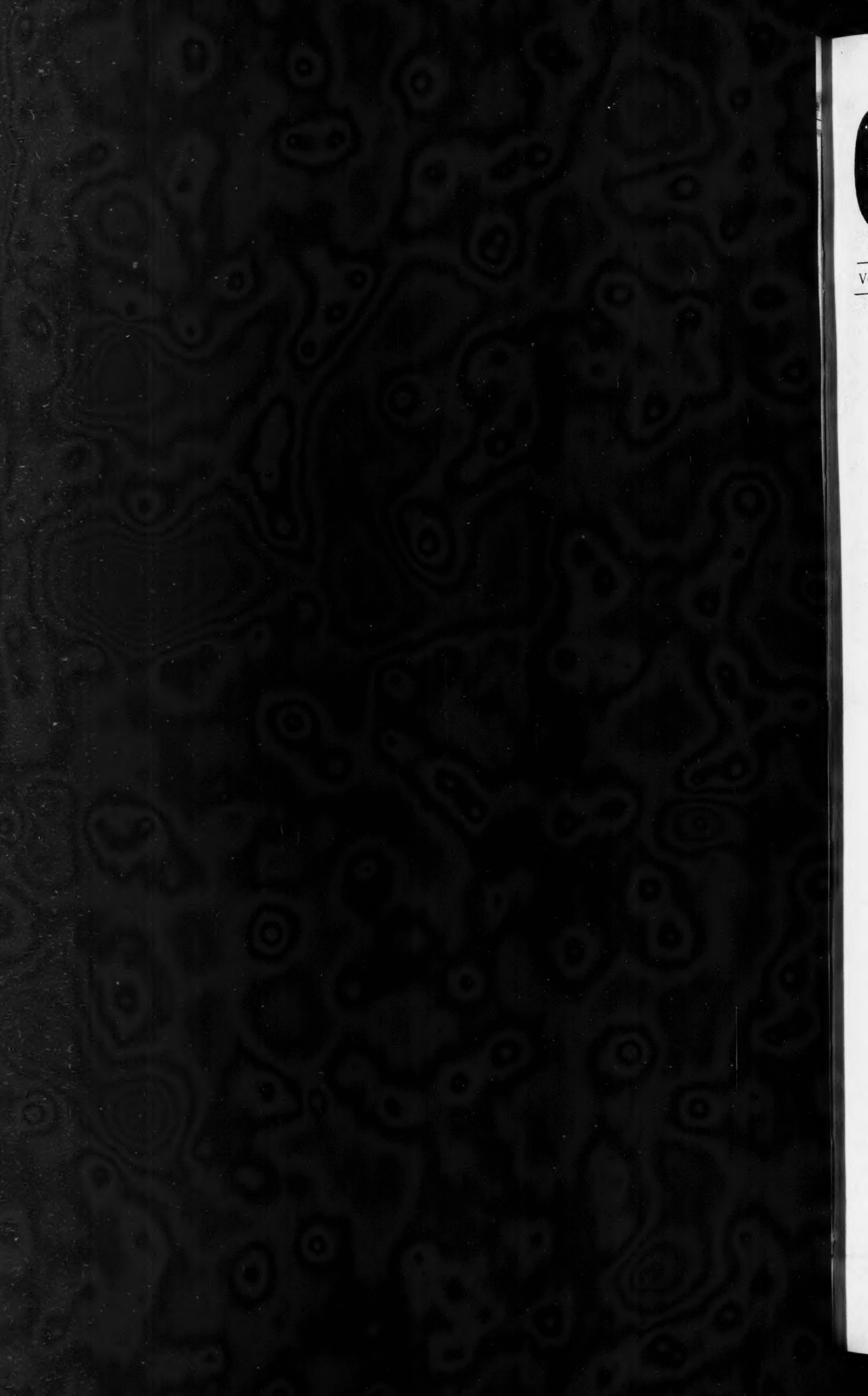
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THE NEED OF HOME-GROWN SUGAR

IT cannot but be realised that the war has made it more desirable than ever that the British farmers should get on with the cultivation of sugar beet. It has, at any rate, added another incentive. Our importation of sugar before the war amounted to about £25,000,000, and our present position renders it imperative that we should buy nothing which we can grow ourselves. Besides, purchase has grown more difficult. Of the total importation of sugar into this country, 53 per cent. before the war came from Germany and Austria. For the moment the industry in both these countries has become disorganised through the neglect entailed by shortness of labour in war-time. But, undoubtedly, a very strong attempt will be made to re-establish this trade. At the moment, then, sugar beet can be started in this country in very favourable circumstances. Competition is handicapped in all the sources of supply.

Mr. Alfred Wood, the secretary of the British Sugar Beet Growers' Association, has been to France and Belgium and has come back with a depressing account of the condition to which the industry has been reduced there. The position of France is that before the war the consumption of sugar amounted to about seven hundred and fifty thousand tons per annum and the production to a million, so that a quarter of a million was left for exportation. But of her two hundred and fifty factories one hundred and fifty were destroyed by the Germans, and the present production is only one hundred and fifty thousand tons a year. The French, however, having had experience of growing sugar beet, are determined to spare no effort towards the revival of that industry. The French farmer is very much in favour of it. He grew the beet and sold it to the factories at a satisfactory price. Usually he is a shareholder, and therefore

draws part of his income from the factory. He also found the cossettes, or slices from which the juice had been extracted, a most valuable food for his stock. It was particularly useful in increasing the milk returns when fed to dairy cows.

Then the deep cultivation and heavy manuring necessary to grow it had a most beneficial effect on other crops. This is known in theory on our side of the Channel, but there never has been a determined effort made to realise the ideas of those who consider that beet growing would be a most excellent addition to our husbandry. More or less feeble efforts were made before the war. They were practically dropped during its continuance and have been revived by the encouragement of the Government. But what is really wanted is an association of farmers who may be made to see that they can derive great profit from the factory, from the by-products, and from the effect on the land. Once they were thoroughly convinced they would not require much official stimulation. How the Government could best help them would be by nursing a growing industry in the way in which it was nursed in France, Germany and other Continental countries.

Very much the same sort of thing has happened in Belgium, where beet is grown, not on the light reclaimed soil, but on clay. We have not the figures showing the proportion of factories destroyed by the Germans, but any one who, since the signing of the Armistice, has been to Belgium, knows that the number of ruined factories is so considerable that it must hamper the exportation of beet sugar for some time to come. It is remarkable that in a country like Canada farmers should be taking to growing sugar beet with as much zest as they are exhibiting on the Continent. Mr. Archibald Blue, the chief officer of the Census and Statistics Office, Ottawa, reports "that no other crop grown in the country serves as well as sugar beet to keep the people on the land." Surely that should convey a useful moral to those in authority in this country. The reason why sugar beet keeps people on the land is simply that it opens up to them a lucrative business and extends employment among the skilled and the unskilled. The *Toronto Globe* of August 20th, explaining the same phenomenon, says, "there is no other line of agricultural production, with the possible exception of canning crops, in which the interests of farm and town are so closely linked as in the case of sugar beet. By it a large money return per acre is secured and the beets furnish the raw material for factories, providing profitable employment for comparatively unskilled labour." It will be seen that in both these cases more stress is laid on the profitability of growing beet than on the need for increasing the supply of sugar. But in this country, dependent as it is on imported sugar, this has a much more important aspect. During the war sugar was one of the scarcest of commodities and now, almost a year after hostilities ceased, the Food Ministry has been obliged to ration it again. As far as we know the only serious attempt at growing sugar beet in this country is that of the Government at Kelham near Newark, of which an illustrated account was published in our issue of May 3rd, 1919. That enterprise is deserving of the fullest and most sympathetic support. But that is no reason why it should stand alone. The same facts that have made Continental farmers and Canadian farmers keen on growing beet will apply equally well to this country, with the addition that a home supply of sugar is very much needed at the present time. In the financial position in which the country stands gain will follow from every successful attempt to produce the articles of food most needed. From the national point of view it would at once benefit the exchange and help towards the reduction of debt. That the farmer would derive wealth from the cultivation of sugar beet is now past the admission of a doubt. What has happened in France could easily be repeated here. The grower should also be a shareholder in the factory, so that he must receive not only the value of the roots, but a proportion of the profits from sugar. He would, at the same time, be providing by-products to serve as useful fodder for cattle and improving the fertility of the soil, so that as a result all the crops of his rotation would become more valuable

Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE we print a portrait of Lady Birkenhead, wife of the Lord Chancellor. Lady Birkenhead is the second daughter of the late Rev. H. Furneaux, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was married in 1901, and has a son and two daughters.

. It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES.

IN the latest issued *Wages Board Gazette* a correspondence is published between Lord Lee, President of the Board of Agriculture, and Sir Ailwyn Fellowes, the Chairman of the Agricultural Wages Board, giving an account of the differences between them as to the new arrangement regarding the hours of labour on the farms. Lord Lee unquestionably expressed a widely accepted opinion when he lodged a formal objection to the shortening of the working hours of the agricultural labourer. The resolution of the Agricultural Wages Board was to reduce the statutory hours of labour to fifty hours a week for the month of October and forty-eight hours a week for the winter months. Lord Lee lodged his objection on the great need there is for increasing production and "that the recognition in all the discussions, international and domestic, upon the universal forty-eight hour week that agriculture in every country must be treated as an exceptional industry."

THE gist of the reply made by Sir Ailwyn Fellowes is that early in the year there was a conference between farmers and workers in regard to the demand made for an increase of 20s. a week in wages, and that they compromised on a basis of an increase of 6s. 6d. a week, accompanied with a promise that summer hours would be reduced in October, and for next summer, to fifty; any longer hours to be paid at overtime rates. He adds that there is nothing in the orders of the Board to prevent any farmer from agreeing with his men to work regularly from fifty to fifty-four or any number of hours per week provided that the wages paid are not less than the minimum wages fixed. He ends by declaring that responsibility would not be laid upon the Wages Board but upon the employers and workers. This is fortified by a statement quoted in the weekly *Bulletin* of the Board of Agriculture that the membership of the Agricultural Labourers' Union rose from 36,000 in 1918 to 100,000 in 1919.

IT seems to come to this, then, that the dread of Trades Union action is the real cause for a very extraordinary change in the hours of labour. We notice that at meetings of the Labourers' Trade Union the idea of a general forty-eight hour week has been seized upon avidly. What is needed, however, is someone who will take a wider and longer view than that of the Agricultural Wages Board. Lord Lee, in his letter, put his finger on one important point when he said that if farmers are driven into a corner, nothing can restrain them from letting down their land to grass in order to save on the labour bill, and it is common knowledge that a great proportion of them are taking or are contemplating this step. Another equally important point is this: in the factory work goes on regularly in all weathers; on the farm it is impossible during rain, frost or snow. In the factory it proceeds the same in summer as in winter; on the farm the important work is nearly all done in the spring and summer, and the farmer could without disadvantage reduce his staff very considerably in the winter months. It will be remembered that in addition to the minimum wage having to be paid for shorter hours, the idle days have to be paid for just the same as when the men are busy. We do not dissent from that at all. On the contrary, it has often been pointed out in these columns that it was a great hardship for men to be turned away in bad weather and not paid, but no Union, no combination can force an agricultural employer of labour to keep all his men going during the hard winter months when the majority would be idle for the greater part of the

time. The Trades Union is very short-sighted in this respect, because for certain purposes it has urged the labourers to make no long engagements. They are on weekly notice. Therefore the farmer, if he is hard pressed, will undoubtedly reduce his working staff just at the time of year when it will be most difficult for them to get any other kind of job.

AT a luncheon given by the Aldwych Club the other day Sir Auckland Geddes filled the rôle of Geddes the Gay. In looking over the civilised world he is struck most by the vast potentialities opening before Great Britain. A thirst for goods is experienced in every corner of the globe, and of all goods those from Great Britain are the most preferred. Some people seem to behold lions in the way—an active, enterprising Japan which has been establishing her stores and her houses and her other places of business over the rest of the world and building up trade during the whole of the war; an America enriched beyond the dreams of avarice and still full of ambition, despatching her emissaries to belligerent and non-belligerent countries alike, and preparing to get at least an elder brother's share of what is going. But Sir Auckland is not seriously concerned by the opposition of either, and pointed out the handicaps under which they labour with an unerring finger. At least, we hope it is unerring, though what he bases his trust on is the inability of Japan to produce goods of the best kind. We remember that that was said of Germany for many a year, and that Germany succeeded in improving her manufactures till she was a rival not to be sneezed at even in markets for the best. Still, we agree with Sir Auckland that if this country will set about healing its social wounds and recover its position by dint of understanding labour, there is no reason for being downhearted in regard to the future.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Never brush the dew away
From the blackberry spray,
Never shake the barberry,
Crab apple branch or spindle tree,
Old man's beard or silver birch
That you carry into church. . . .
When Michael vanquished Lucifer,
And angels came down through the air,
Some, repenting as they fell,
By wondrous grace were saved from Hell—
And so they dwell
In moonshine, water, earth and air,
More sad than we, more glad, more fair.
They do not dare
To come to church, so help them there,
Clinging to the blackberry,
Hiding in the barberry,
Crab apple branch or spindle tree.
A hundred fairy folk forlorn
Carry in with a shock of corn,
For they desire to sing with thee
Their *Benedicite*—

G. JAMES.

ONE cannot but feel that Mr. Justice Astbury is speaking like a theorist or a professor when he recommends as a preliminary to the reconstruction of Great Britain "the restoration to the State of unearned war increment." This may or may not be advisable, but it is impracticable. For one thing, we are not so prudent a people but that we may feel sure a considerable amount of capital acquired by profiteering has already been dissipated. In some cases it has been laid out in property which may or may not be realisable, in racehorses which may or may not have been bought with judgment, in antique furniture and other objects of art which might not be such desirable possessions as they were when it was held that capital invested in them escaped the tax collector. In addition to the investigation that would be required to establish what unearned increment had been acquired during the war, machinery would have to be devised for differentiating the improvident who had wasted their profits in riotous living and the prudent who had saved them and were therefore like sheep ready for the slaughter. It is not a wise suggestion to have come from a judge, and the proposed levy on capital has still less to recommend it to those who bring understanding to bear on such suggestions.

A VERY interesting decision on a dispute about the property of a swarm of bees was given by Judge Gwynne James at Bath last week. What he had to decide was whether

a swarm of bees could or could not be claimed by an owner after he has lost sight of it. He said not, and based his decision on an enactment of the fourteenth century, when, of course, people depended more on bees and held them in greater importance than they do to-day. The Judge referred to the Justinian law that a swarm of bees belonged to a man as long as they were in sight and could easily be pursued. The swarm in question had not been in the owner's sight when it flew from the hive. It appears to us that the Judge need not have gone so far back as Justinian: that common law was quite sufficient for his purpose. How could a man identify his bees if he did not see them leave the hive? He could not even guess at their numbers, nor, if he were a prudent man, would he express any certainty as to the direction they took, since many swarms will first alight on a gooseberry bush near the hive from which they issued and then fly away for miles, often at a height at which they are barely distinguishable. Unless, therefore, a man had followed a swarm all the way and could swear that he had never lost sight of them, he would find it difficult to establish ownership. It is very unlikely that when he was tired someone else would take up the running, because, unfortunately, the insects have no aerial pathway and go across country at a time when the land is rich with the growth of May and June crops.

THE HON. EDWARD STONOR sends from Vienna to the *Times* a very striking picture of the condition to which the Austrian capital is reduced. On reading it we do not wonder that Vienna weeps and weeps and curses the men to whom she owes her fall. Mr. Stonor thinks the adverse exchange is the bitterest pill of all. In pre-war days the pound sterling was worth twenty-four crowns. To-day it is worth two hundred and eighty, and prices for the Viennese are prohibitive. At a west-end restaurant a plain luncheon costs five hundred crowns. A carriage to or from the station costs a hundred crowns, or, if taken by the hour, eighty crowns. On the Austrian Derby Day twelve hundred crowns were asked for a *fiacre* for the day. These high prices fall with greatest cruelty on the poor, and with the absence of coal are making an alarming prospect for the coming winter. The contrast between Germany and Austria is dramatic. Both are defeated, but Germany has still the potentialities of a great country, while her catspaw is utterly and completely ruined.

SENSIBLE people generally will regret that controversy should have already arisen about the secret history of the Allied offensive in 1917. Until the whole story is told it is very unfair to throw blame or responsibility on anyone. At any rate, in a conflict of such gigantic proportions there must have been innumerable mistakes on both sides. No doubt in the future it would be desirable that these should be carefully investigated. To do anything else would be to withhold from military history facts which might have a considerable bearing on military science. But this is a very different thing from airing the old disputes before the general public. We know that the ultimate result was good, and whether it could have been achieved a year earlier or not is one of those speculative questions which military professors will go on discussing for the next hundred years and more. There is no reason why they should not, but there are many reasons why the reputations of men still living who did their best in the war should not be made the subject of disputation at the present time. Far better that the nations should get on as well as they can with their work of reconstruction.

MR. BANKES, K.C., the magistrate who dismissed a charge of fortune-telling the other day on the ground that he was "satisfied that the defendant believed that she had the power of foretelling the future," was taking a very unprecedented course. Fortune-tellers have been severely treated in the past out of consideration for the poor, the ignorant and credulous. On these they thrive. At all times the educated and clever looked upon the claims of a soothsayer as more or less a jest, but in the country especially the ill-informed took them very seriously. Even to-day the Wise Woman or Man will be visited to ascertain the origin of a fire or the casualty to a horse, or the future of a young man or maiden, by people who accept implicitly the words of the oracle. Thus a form of imposture is established, and we cannot help thinking that the magistrate was ill-advised in letting off one of these creatures merely because he thought her sincere in her self-belief. After all, neither clerk nor magistrate can read the hearts of men. It is

impossible for them to distinguish with any certainty between the zealot or fanatic and the knave.

LORD MERSEY'S reference to Daguerre at the opening of the Royal Photographic Exhibition in Russell Square on Saturday was well timed. The speaker is one of a diminishing number who can possibly have seen the inventor. Lord Mersey is now in his eightieth year, and he recounted how he met Daguerre in France a few years before his death. But Daguerrotype was the first example of popular photography, although the art itself is a very old one. It was, however, in its early stages devoted almost exclusively to scientific purposes. The Daguerrotype was an innovation so far as it was applied to men and women, and appealed to affection and memory instead of being an adjunct to scientific research as was the first and simpler form of photography. But since the time of Daguerre what an extraordinary advance has been made in the photographer's art. It has come to vie with that of the artist in watercolour or oils. Indeed, some of the portraits taken by the men who are at the top of their profession will compare advantageously with any predecessor in that line; and, of course, if the survey is extended to animate and inanimate nature, photography can do more, though in a sense not so much, than any painter.

MIDNIGHT.

Quiet between the green deep breasted banks
The river carries secrets from the hills,
Singing a soft song as it seaward swings.

Above, half hidden in the purpling mists,
Pine trees stand sentinel against the moon,
Guarding the ghostly houses in the wood.

My shadow black aslant the green lawn lies,
And motionless as night, stands listening
To the still Voice "walking in the garden."

CUTHBERT HICKS.

QUITE apart from their bearing on any question of the war or of the hour, the specimen pages from the autobiography of Lord Fisher, published by the *Times*, will delight the student of human nature. Here is a character, strong, original and altogether out of the way. Lord Fisher may not be literary in the usually accepted sense of the term, but he possesses a gift after which writers strain, that of giving natural expression to his thought. It is not, on the surface, very continuous thought. One is apt to call it, at a first reading, spasmodic. But this passes away when we recognise the undercurrent of which the apparent digressions are only the surface splashes, caused when the said current runs against an obstacle. To other attractions Lord Fisher adds the virtue of fearlessness. He is, very obviously, not concerned to prophesy smooth things only, but batters forward in his own enthusiastic, slap-dash style. His, in fact, is the diction that would be naturally put into the mouth of a sailor, but glorified and strengthened by individual genius. It would be easy to select a few of the rich idiomatic expressions used by Lord Fisher, but whosoever cares for such things will find all he wants by going over either the chapter on King Edward or that on the Dardanelles with a red pencil.

A VERY sensible little note in our Shooting Page, coming, as it does, from a thorough sportsman, deserves attention. It goes to confirm the condemnation of the big bag which is now common to all who wish the sport of shooting to be put in its right place. It has long been, and we hope ever will be, a country gentleman's pastime. But before the war there was a tendency to make it a cause of rivalry between owners of shoots. With many men it was a matter of pride to give opportunity for the shooting of a prodigious bag, and rearing was done on a very large scale. Our correspondent expresses a doubt whether there will be any rearing at all in the future, and he has no doubt that, at any rate, it will be greatly diminished. What he is doing instead is to pay more attention to the wild birds, which, he thinks, have become more self-reliant and less dependent on human care during the war. A judicious importation of cock birds from another estate gives that change of blood which is necessary to maintain the vigour of the breed. Exercise is of the very essence of sport, and shooting the wild birds in moderate numbers must perforce give more exercise than the slaughtering of huge numbers, which must necessarily be concentrated at a given point.

THE HAMILTON PALACE COLLECTION OF PICTURES.—I

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE celebrated Hamilton Palace sale of 1882 included such a mass of pictures, objects of art and choice furnishings as would have stripped most houses of all interesting contents. But the accretions of the tenth Duke and his inheritance, of the remains of the vast Beckford Collections, enabled the Palace to lose all that tell under Christie's hammer in 1882 without any

resulting appearance of vacuity. Until the other day, when it was decided that it must cease to be a habitation, its finely decorated Charles II and Queen Anne rooms were fully set with good pieces of eighteenth century and other furniture, and its innumerable walls were still so amply hung with canvases by Rubens and Van Dyck, Lely and Kneller, Reynolds and Romney, Raeburn and West, among other



1.—ELIZABETH GUNNING, SUCCESSIVELY DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

Painted by Sir J. Reynolds about 1760.

masters, that the wonder was how space had been found for the adequate presentment of all those that were dispersed thirty-seven years ago. Curiously enough, two of them—one of the largest and one of the smallest, and both by Rubens—returned there, and will be again on view in King Street next month. The one is the huge canvas of "Daniel in the Lions' Den" that Sir Dudley Carleton originally presented to Charles I and that is included in the printed catalogue of that monarch's collection. In 1882 it fetched

only to pay £1,627 10s., but gave £4,777 10s. for his "Assumption."

At that time no family portraits came under the hammer, but Van Dyck's "Princess of Phalsburg" and his "Duchess of Richmond" fetched £2,100 and £2,045 respectively. It will be interesting to note what price will be given next month for a very fine full length by this master. It is a portrait of the first Earl of Denbigh. Dressed for sport, he stands gun in hand, his eager eye scanning the heavens,



2.—MARY FIELDING, WIFE TO JAMES, THIRD MARQUESS OF HAMILTON.

Painted by Van Dyck, probably shortly before her death in 1638.

£4,252 10s., while £2,100 was given for the little 29in. "Loves of the Centaurs," a piece of exquisite quality.

In 1882 the National Gallery most wisely made a considerable number of purchases at prices then, no doubt, held to be large, but which would now be considered paltry. Thus, Velasquez' "Philip IV," which had come to Hamilton Palace through the tenth Duke's father-in-law, William Beckford, brought in the highest amount given for a picture, but that was no more than £6,300. For Botticelli's "Adoration of the Magi"—another Beckford picture—the nation had

while his Indian page beckons him. It is one of an endless series of 8ft. high pictures that lined the gallery and many another great room at Hamilton Palace, but which no ordinary sized house can contain. Hence the coming dispersal of those of least family interest to the present owner, the thirteenth Duke. Among those that are retained, however, are the Van Dyck portraits of Lord Denbigh's daughter and son-in-law. James, third Marquess and first Duke of Hamilton (Fig. 3), was born in 1606, and when fourteen years old was matched to Lady Mary Fielding, who had reached

her seventh year. She died when she was twenty-five, and it cannot have been much before this that Van Dyck painted her (Fig. 2) in a simple dress set off with fine lace and magnificent pearls. She never was Duchess of Hamilton, for the Dukedom was not conferred on her husband till 1643, five years after her death. He fought for Charles I, and sought to retrieve him from captivity by leading an army from

both pictures were painted at the same time, shortly before the lady's death. The picture of his father (Fig. 4) must date from 1624 or 1625, for only in the former year did he become Lord Steward of the Household and entitled to carry the wand, and in the latter he died. That makes the attribution of the painting to Paul Van Somer impossible, as the latter died in 1621. But the picture is a replica of one at Hampton Court

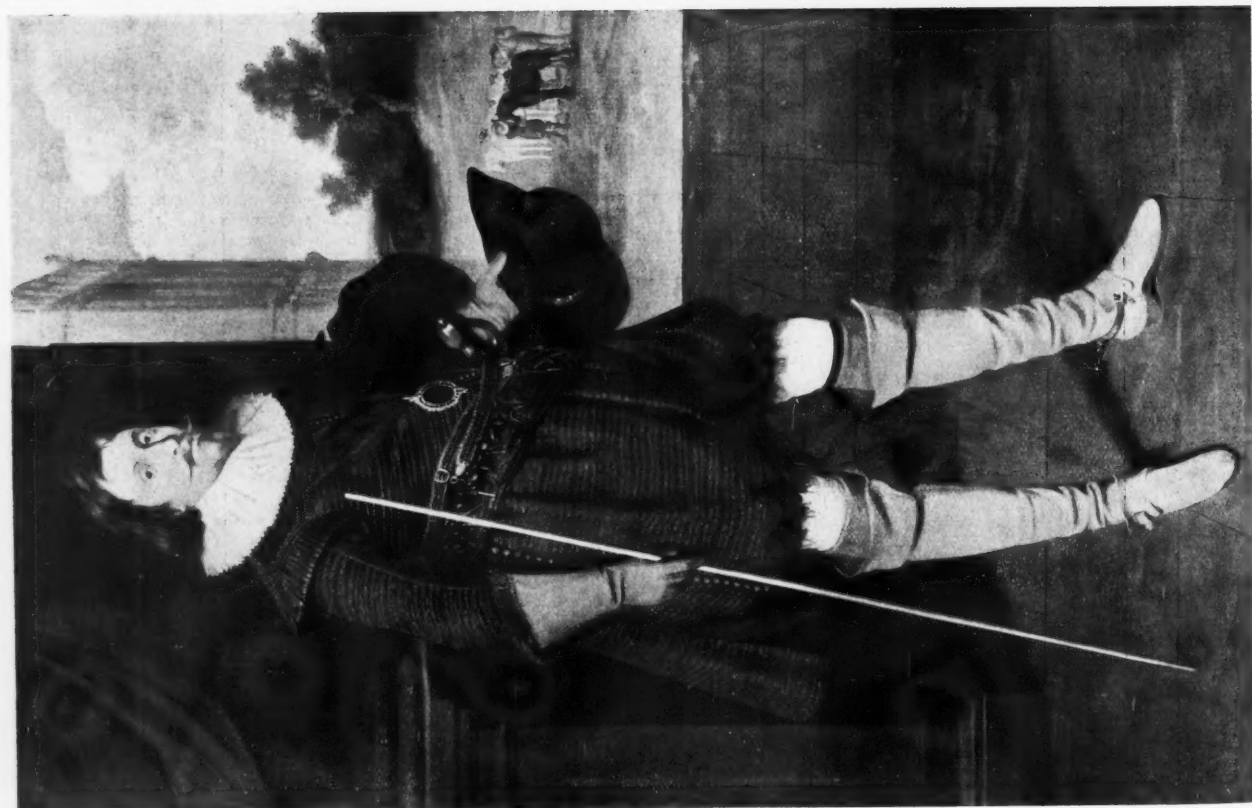


2.—JAMES, THIRD MARQUESS AND FIRST DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Painted by Van Dyck, probably at the same time as his wife.

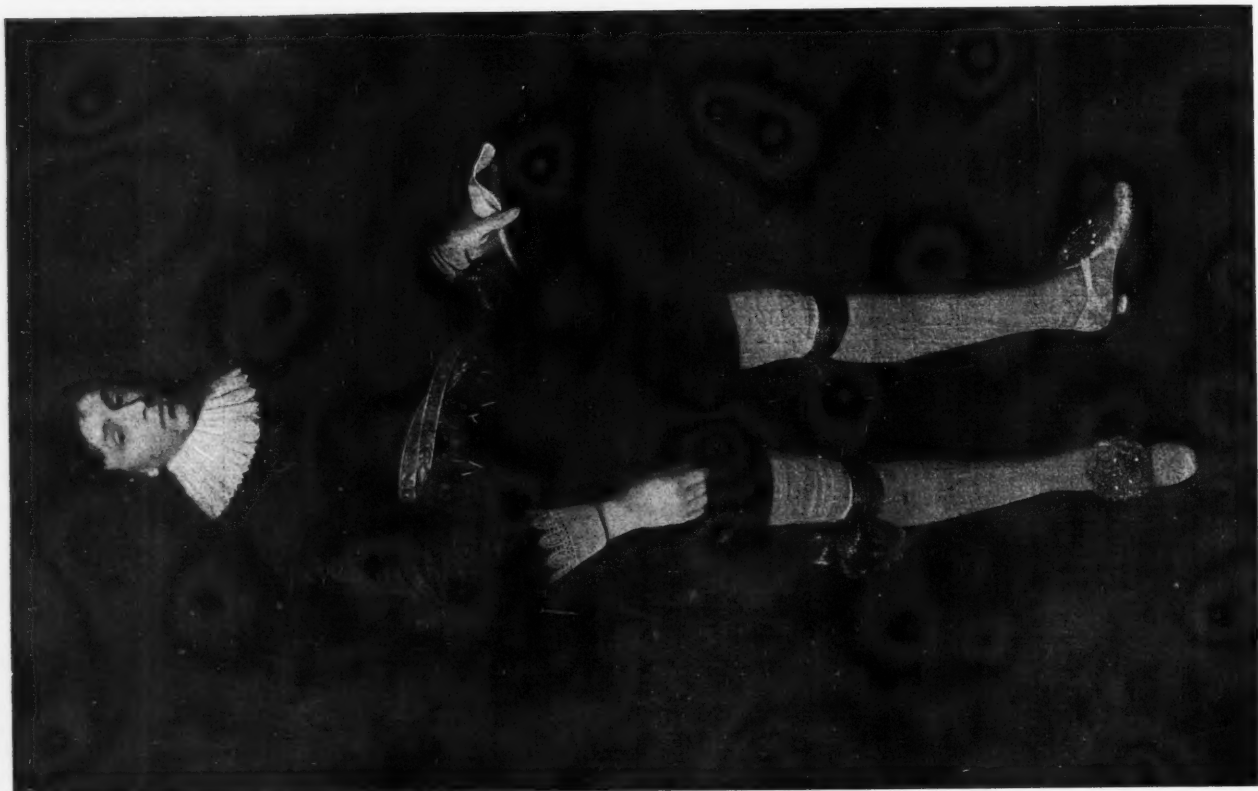
Scotland into England in 1648. Defeated at Preston, he soon was forced to surrender, and his head fell in Palace Yard two months after that of the King, his master and cousin. Van Dyck depicts him in the full armour of the period, the baton in his hand betokening his office of Master of the Horse. In appearance he is quite young, and probably

Palace attributed, no doubt correctly, to Mytens, who continued to be the favourite Court painter till 1630. Wrong attribution of painter or sitter or both was frequent at Hamilton Palace, and probably occurred when the tenth Duke built his great additions and rehung the pictures. Thus, a very delightful full length of a lad of some fifteen summers (Fig. 5), very likely



4.—JAMES, SECOND MARQUESS OF HAMILTON.

The wand of office proves that the picture was not painted before he became Lord Steward of the Household in 1624, and therefore cannot be, as attributed on the frame, by Van Somer, who died in 1621. At Hampton Court Palace is a replica by Moyens, who almost certainly also painted this portrait.



5.—PORTRAIT OF A LAD.

In the costume of Charles I's reign, and, therefore, wrongly called on the frame John, first Marquess of Hamilton, who was born about 1540. It probably represents William, younger son of the second marquess, and was very likely painted by Marcus Gheeraerts about 1632.

by Marcus Gheeraerts as described, can hardly represent, as labelled, John, first Marquess of Hamilton, who reached that age about the middle of the sixteenth century, before Gheeraerts was born. Moreover, the lad is clothed in the manner of the beginning of Charles I's reign, and the face resembles that of William, second Duke of Hamilton, of whom there is a portrait as a young man with a moustache. He was born in 1616, and so would have reached the age represented in the portrait while the costume was still in vogue and Gheeraerts still alive. Still more puzzling is the picture of the young man (Fig. 6) with the earlier ruff round his neck. It is labelled "Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley, by F. Zuccherro." Darnley was murdered in 1567. Zuccherro did not reach England till 1574. The costume might answer for soon after that—is, indeed, very like that of the figure forming the frontispiece to the "Booke of Falconrie," published in 1575—but the ruff, the long-breasted



6.—PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.

Said on the frame to be Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley, by Zuccherro. He was murdered in 1567, but the picture states it to be a man who was twenty-one in 1610. That was the case with the second Marquess of Hamilton, and this may very likely be a portrait of him by Van Somer.

peaked doublet, the short, wide breeches puffed "with woole, with flaxe, with hair also" continued into James I's reign, and on the plinth to the left of the figure is the clear, unmistakable inscription "AETAT: 21, 1610." Now, James, the second Marquess, whom we have seen as a man of thirty-five, with his wand of office, was born in 1589, and so would be twenty-one in the year indicated. The nose and the mouth are much the same in the older and the younger man. The eyes, if less open and alert in the latter, have the same look, the same lids, the same brows; while the hair has the same manner of sticking up. If Van Somer ever painted the second Marquess, this is very likely the portrait. It is certainly quite excellently painted. It gives the impression of being truly a likeness; the figure is admirably posed, and the pansies embroidered on the brown silk of the dress are charming—brown, by the way, was a favourite colour with Van Somer.



7.—PORTRAIT OF CAREL DE VOOCHT BY J. W. DELFT.



8.—PORTRAIT OF THE EIGHTH DUKE OF HAMILTON, AGED 18. Standing between his physician, Dr. Moore, and the latter's son, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore. Signed and dated "Preud'honie de Neuchâtel pinxit à Jeneve en 1774."

Of early seventeenth century portraits not of the family are a pair by J. W. Delft of a Dutchman and his wife, well and simply rendered, he (Fig. 7) with a plain linen fall collar over his blue coat, she in black, overset by a tippet rather than a collar of semi-transparent lawn, the dress showing through more or less according to the number of the unequal folds.

Of the eighteenth century English school there are many examples in the collection, some of which will be illustrated next week. But one is given now (Fig. 1). It is Sir Joshua Reynolds' great picture of Elizabeth Gunning—one of the two beautiful Irish girls who took London by storm in 1751. On the following February 14th she was married to the sixth Duke of Hamilton at half-past midnight with "a ring of the bed curtain," if we are to believe Horace Walpole. The Duke was a delicate man who died six years later, and in 1759 she married John Campbell, who succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Argyll in 1770. By each husband she had

two sons, who all in turn became heads of their family, so that she has the unique distinction of having been wife to two and mother to four dukes. Her Hamilton sons were delicate, like their father. The elder died a boy in 1769, and two years later the younger one was sent abroad under the care of his physician, Dr. Moore, whose son, John, accompanied them. In 1774 they were at Geneva, and were painted (Fig. 8) in a group by "Preud'honie de Neuchâtel," as the canvas tells us. The Duke, then eighteen years old, stands in the middle. The doctor, sitting on the right, points to a globe, while on the left is the son, then a lad of thirteen, but afterwards Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. He early gave signs of his military bent, for at the time the picture was painted the father wrote home: "He really is a pretty youth, he dances and fences with unusual address. . . . He is always operating in the field, and showing me how Geneva can be taken."

THE OYSTER-CATCHER OR SEA-PIE

By W. BICKERTON.



W. Bickerton.

IN HER NATIVE WILDS.

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MOST of my knowledge of the oyster-catcher and his ways has been gained by slow and devious degrees on the long stretches of sandhills about Ravenglass in Cumberland. During five separate holiday weeks I had experimented photographically on eight different pairs of birds in as many varied situations in their habitat; I must have spent *in toto* almost a full week of working hours; and yet I had not obtained the chance of a single exposure! In subsequent years I tried again, with methods modified to the altered surroundings, on the oyster-catchers nesting on a little rocky islet in North Wales, as also on a larger one, Ramsey Island to wit, in South Wales. But all in vain—the breed "rang true" to its instincts all along the coast line; and the tale of my trophies was told in a range of exposures of nests and eggs in varying situations with a couple of pictures of the young birds! With no other species of bird, inland or coastal, had my failure been so persistent and so complete. And the only explanation I can suggest is the native inbred suspicion, the deep-rooted, ineradicable aversion of the oyster-catcher to the human presence. Certainly it was not the hiding-tent that scared the birds away, for in the case of one nest I "sat" through four long and weary hours waiting for the bird to return. For most of this time she hung about in the offing not 20yds. from the nest; once only did she venture slowly up to it, and, having "fetched a compass" round about it, returned again to her look-out station in the background without settling down on her eggs. And yet, after I had left my hiding-place, cramped beyond the power of further endurance, and allowing the camera, tent and lens to remain exactly as they had been all the morning, she was back sitting on the nest before I had crossed the ridge of the neighbouring sandhills some 80y. s. to 90yds. away! Most birds will tolerate you after a time, if you are silent and carefully screened from their sight, even though they know you are there; the average oyster-catcher of my experience, also knowing you are there, though she cannot see you, declines all your attempts at interview or intimacy.

Yet success came at last, in manner and in measure beyond the highest flights of hope, and bringing ample compensation for my previous failures and disappointments. For, on my next visit to the sandhills of Ravenglass I had the rare fortune

to make acquaintance with a pair of sea-pies who cared not for man, nor for his hiding-tent, nor for the cold, staring eye of the lens peering out from its depths, nor yet for the dull mechanical workings of his instrument, nor yet for the human voice or the exclamations which it, in time, came to address to them. Provided only that I was out of their sight, they allowed me to carry on at any reasonable distance from them and their treasures, and hardly anything save a bodily exit from the tent disturbed their equanimity or sent them from the nest.

This accommodating pair of birds—and male and female were equally tractable—had scraped out their simple nesting hollow on a gentle sandhill slope loosely grown with marram grass; the general surroundings of the site, though not the nest itself, are shown in my first photograph, where the bird, after being disturbed from her nest, some 20yds. away in the direction of the foreground, is just on the point of starting on the return journey to it. The small white "slope" in the centre of the background above her is that of a black-headed gull standing at its nest—both obviously out of focus.

I have seen it stated by an experienced writer on birds that "the oyster-catcher never nests on the bare sand like the ringed plover"; in the district about Ravenglass there were as many nests on the sand as on any other "element," and I have seen dozens of nests in such situations, some of them on the highest ridges of the sandhills, others in the deepest hollows which these enclosed; others again, and not infrequently, on the sand recently thrown out by the burrowing bunnies. By way of contrast I have found plenty of nests also on the shingle, some only a few feet beyond the tide-line, others as far as three-quarters of a mile away on a lone stretch of large-sized pebbles, quite beyond reach of the tides of to-day. Other birds, eschewing both sand and shingle, arrange their nests on the short, springy grass which here and there carpets and consolidates a long stretch of erstwhile shifting sand.

On one occasion I saw a nest on one of the shooting greens of the rifle range, which was always in use on two or three evenings per week, as well as on Saturday afternoons. Here and there, too, where the rabbits had established their nurseries, bundles of the loppings of fir trees had been thrown down to give them a bit of cover; among the dead *débris* remaining over from these one could almost invariably find an oyster-catcher's nest, with



THREADING HER WAY THROUGH THE MARRAM GRASS.

a few of the finer twigs used carelessly as "lining." But as a rule there was very little material in the nesting hollow, and hardly ever any attempt at arrangement or structure; such material as there was lay scant and loose and straggling about the nest and its surroundings, and very seldom were the eggs resting upon any portion of it. Drift from the tide, scraps of blackened seaweed, stems of plants and bennets of grass, fragments of shells as also whole limpet valves, broken pieces of stick and small stones were some of the variant medley the birds had laid about as satisfying their notions of nest building. As to the eggs, clutches of two or three prevailed, with perhaps a preponderance of three in the earlier nests; and the buff or greyish-brown colour varied a good deal in depth of tone. The decoration of the eggs was either in spots or in streaks irregularly laid on, or in an undefined transfusion of the two; and, as is usual with some other waders, there was considerable variation in this protective element, some eggs being much more thickly marked than others. Those shown in the photograph were certainly more sparsely spotted than the average.

But to return to the birds themselves. I had only been secluded for a short time in my retreat—not, of course, having the slightest idea of what the Fates had in store for me—when

I was thrilled by a sight of the approaching bird threading her way between the bunches of marram grass which here and there formed an entangled archway above her. She showed no trace of hesitation, no sign of fear; there was no lancing about in the background in the first-she-would-and-then-she-wouldn't mood of mind which is so general; it was just a direct, continuous yet cautious approach to the nest; and only the nature photographer who has tried and tried and failed and failed as I had done can realise what my feelings were when success came so easily and unexpectedly at the last.

When I had watched this easy approach to the nest time after time I was able, naturally, to focus my lens on any stage of her journey, and this consideration explains the succession of the photographs I secured. In the second the middle distance is in focus, and the eggs lying in the nest near the left-hand corner are, with the rest of the foreground, somewhat out of focus.

The third photograph gives a finely characteristic attitude of the oyster-catcher; to me, indeed, it appeals as the very poetry of bird pose: handsome in figure, stately in mien, expressing, too, a certain grace of bearing which invests a moment of commonplace with the spell of romance! And it brings out, also, the striking arrangement of the blacks and whites



W. Bickerton.

A BIRD OF GRACE AND BEAUTY.

Copyright.



PUSHING THE EGGS INTO POSITION.



THE FINAL SHUFFLE.



THE MANDIBLES ARE SLIGHTLY SEPARATED.



A FEELING OF LANGUOR CREEPS OVER HER.



SETTLED FOR A SPELL OF DUTY.



PREPARING FOR A DOZE.



W. Bickerton.

CAUGHT NAPPING.



SHE TURNED HER BACK UPON ME. Copyright.

of the plumage, though the beautiful coral-red bill and the paler red of the legs can only be seen in their full glow of colour in the living bird at close quarters. I would have given something to have that photograph in all the beautiful simplicity and intensity of black and white and red with which Nature has decked out her sea-pies, though even in the black and white of the camera it is to me a thing of beauty and grace and charm—one of the photographs one only gets the chance of taking "once in a lifetime," and therefore treasures accordingly.

Arrived at the edge of the nest and setting her legs in position at either side of it, she lowers her head and bill in order that the latter may play its part either in turning the eggs over or in adjusting them to the right position of comfort for herself and of security and warmth for them while incubating. At the same time she begins to erect her underfeathers so that these may finally envelop the upper convexity of the eggs; and as they make contact she pushes her treasures gently into position by using her bill as shown in the fourth illustration. The final stage in the process is a more or less prolonged shuffle of adjustment, as appears in the fifth photograph, which clearly shows the erection of the underfeathers, both fore and aft, to be necessary for complete comfort; and this having now been secured, she settles down for a spell of duty until, perchance, she may be disturbed by her tiresome companion in the tent or is relieved by her mate, an incident which happened more than once during my various spells of observation at the nest. The full-length side view also gives a very lappy and effective setting of the oyster-catcher, though the broad suspicion of her race betrays itself alike in her attitude and her look. The illustration also brings out the sharp chisel-like termination of the beak, a small detail of structure which plays a large part in the oyster-catcher's search for food, enabling her, as it does so effectively, to detach the limpets of which she is so fond from the stones to which they are attached or, alternatively, to force open the bivalves or other molluscs of equally toothsome quality, mussels, as the text-books say, ranking high in her esteem.

But a period of quietude within the tent gradually allays all her suspicions, with the result that the neck is gently withdrawn, the head droops with it; and, a feeling of languorous content possessing her, she prepares to coo what I believe all sitting birds inevitably do more or less—and most of them more than less—namely, to doze or drowse away the greater portion of that tedious and long-drawn time their racial instincts compel them to spend in incubation.

But even a wild bird at nesting time, when all her affections and emotions are centred on the one little spot of earth which contains her treasures, is not so tied to the tal of convention as always to perform the same item in her restricted round of duties in exactly the same way. Perhaps the succeeding picture gives the quaintest attitude of the series, showing, as a totally unexpected detail of habit, that a bird sometimes finds it of purpose to separate her two mandibles while using them as a lever to re-adjust the eggs beneath her. This is a rather extraordinary revelation, because one would imagine her bill to be a more effective instrument when used as a single undivided lever for the simple operation she is applying it to perform. What may be the advantage gained in this connection I am not prepared to aver, and, while I do not think it was accidental, I must leave my readers each to frame his own interpretation.

Having again settled down to her duties—and be it remembered that the two birds between them have to keep on sitting down for a period of about twenty-eight days and nights—she again prepares to wile away her time in slumber; a feeling of languor creeps over her, and, all traces of fear and suspicion having completely dissipated, the climax comes when she gently insinuates her bill in the feathers of her "mantle," and comes as near to complete repose as it is possible for a bird to co in broad daylight and without actually sealing her lids in the oblivion of sleep.

If the quality enshrined in the proverb which epitomises the difficulty of catching a weasel asleep should ever be attached to a bird, I should certainly, for reasons already stated, be in favour of giving it to the wily oyster-catcher as the bird of the long horizon. And just as certainly, the remotest thing I ever expected to co with a bird that had so often and so completely played me out at the game of patience was to catch her asleep, or even at the half-way house along the road to the land of dreams. Yet, even so, by the irony—or the chances—of fate, did she reveal herself!

And by ultimately turning her back upon me she gave me yet another interesting representation of herself as shown in the last picture—a photograph which is not only interesting as a whole, but also gives interesting detail both of habit and structure. Look at the abnormal breadth of beam of the bird at her widest part. That is caused by the habit she has of extending her wings on either side quite beyond their normal position, which is close up to the flanks. She may have done this either to enclose her eggs more completely in the under-heat which they require for development or, contrariwise, she may have extended them in the effort to cool herself a little, for the sun was very hot, and out in the open she was fully exposed to its fire. Another detail is also instructive; the white plumage of the lower part of the back shows through where the wings are separated dorsally. In the previous two photographs the median white line down the back, narrow and irregular though it is,

gives the longitudinal suggestion of the same point in her colour scheme.

While I do not think it can be maintained that the coloration of the adult oyster-catcher is in any way protective or concealing, that condition is very strongly developed both with the eggs and the young birds. And it frequently happens that the effect of the protective coloration of the eggs is obviously strengthened by the surroundings among which they are placed.

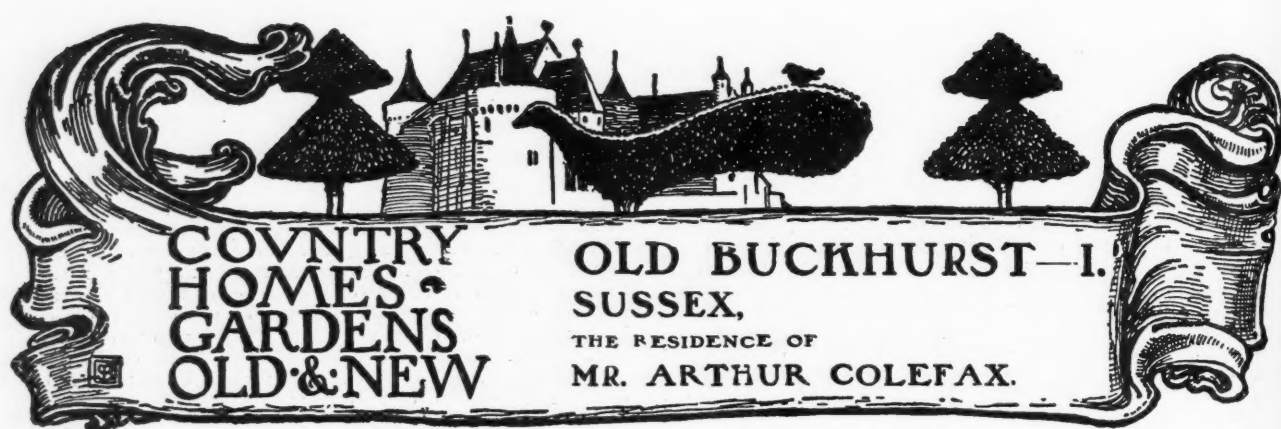
Finally, one may ask, "What's in a name?" Well, sometimes it embodies a fragment of history, sometimes a bit of romance, sometimes a habit, a call-note, a point of structure or a speck of folk-lore. And sometimes it may be a misfit—as it is in the case under consideration—for the simple reason that the one thing the oyster-catcher cannot catch is oysters! They are quite out of his (apt), and are not uncovered even at lowest tides. And if one explores the meaning of the Latin appellation, *Hamatopus ostralegus*, that also is not correct, either in its generic or specific application. Dore into plain English it means "the oyster picker with blood-coloured feet," and though the colour relation may be correct for other species of *Hamatopi*, it does not hold by many degrees of our one British member, whose habits and habits I have tried somewhat briefly to describe.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GREY GESE

At the end of March all the grey geese in the Hebrides collect together into one place in the Outer Islands, before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic Circle. To be old this vast concourse of geese is one of the sights of a lifetime, and well worth travelling a hundred, nay, many hundred, miles to see. There they stand, this vast host of superb birds, packed together into a huge plain, filling the air with their talk, the noise being deafening. Suddenly it increases tenfold, and the din becomes terrific as up into the air rises a magnificent old gander. The King of the Greylags has started the spring flight. Up and up goes this grand old leader and seventy thousand voices salute him. As he soars higher and higher the salute dies away, and soon there is dead silence, save for the rustling of innumerable wings. Suddenly, out of the silence, a beautiful flute-like note floats down from the ethereal blue above. It is the call of his majesty to his subjects. Scarce has it died away than it is answered by the mighty chorus of seventy thousand throats, and at the same moment a company of geese rises into the air, and fifty pairs of pinions are winging their way upwards to join their king. Up, up, they go, in great circles into the blue vault of the heavens, until they look no larger than dark molecules poised in azure space. Then, with their leader at their head, they strike off their line of flight, almost north-east, and, as they go, gradually assume the wedge-like formation with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle. In three minutes they are out of sight.

The royal salute arouses me from my reverie, and looking up, I see the king of the geese like a speck above me descending in great spirals to rejoin the vast gaggle on the ground. After a few minutes' rest the laurels himself into the air again and soars upwards. Again the royal salute crashes out, followed by deep silence; again the beautiful flute-like note drifts down to the assembled multitude and two hundred birds rise upwards to be directed on their long flight. Again and again his majesty returns, until all are gone but about three hundred old veterans. As he returns for the last time these three hundred paladins meet him in the air, and with their sovereign at their head wing their way to the eternal ice around the Pole, not to return to our shores until the following October. As already stated, on the approach of spring all the wild geese, with the exception of a few greylag, which still remain to nest in the wilder parts of Scotland, all but these few pairs, together with innumerable hosts of other wildfowl, depart from our shores for their breeding grounds. North, south, east and west they go, to all the corners of the earth, but by far the greater majority to the silent north, where, amid those silent solitudes carpeted with Arctic flowers, they hatch their eggs and rear their broods of young, which in the following autumn, when the grip of winter makes itself felt in these grim and dreary solitudes, will stream over to our warmer shores in countless thousands. Many leave their homes in the trackless Arctic wastes, food for the Arctic foxes; many die from the effects of their long journey, and many old campaigners have performed their last migration also—the migration of death; but still the younger generation fill their places, and by a wonderful instinct find their way from their Arctic summer home through the pathless heavens to our shores to delight the heart of the naturalist and the wildfowler during another winter.

H. W. ROBINSON.



OLD BUCKHURST—the mediæval home of the Sackvilles in Withyham parish—is now Buckhurst *Redivivus*. After ages of increasing decay and forlorn senility, it has taken a new lease of life. It reappears on the active stage with an aspect of youthful comeliness, but youth without rawness; possessing a fresh beating heart indeed, yet under a cloak of mellow maturity. It is an altogether taking home—sympathetic to the dweller and delightful to the visitor—created by a happy

combination of the professional skill of the late Mr. Cecil Brewer and of the informed taste of its present châtelaine, out of none too promising materials. A few years ago such dwelling as yet remained was composed of a few uninteresting rooms, sadly trying—under cover of the local decorator's wall-papers—to conform to Victorian villa rules, and occupying the southern half of a long narrow range of old building facing west (Fig. 3). All other structures, and many were scattered about, had been annexed for farm, garden and



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1.—THE GATE-HOUSE ARCHWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stable purposes, and were unkempt and dilapidated. Take, for instance, the oast houses now forming the cheery and convenient south-west annexe (Fig. 9). The rotted battens let the tiles shower down and the rain pour in. The cowl were no more; where they had been, a luxuriant corona of invading ivy was busily engineering the final collapse. So all around. Great barns, largely composed of sixteenth and

with complacent serenity. Brushed up and combed, it rises with ancient pride from emerald turf. On one side it looks down on a tumbled area of pleasaunces—wood and water, orchard and mead. On the other it faces the well ordered but wide spreading domicile (Fig. 8) where the ages meet and where the work of Early Tudor builders blends harmoniously with that of succeeding generations, including our own. It



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2.—THE GATE-HOUSE, BUILT BY JOHN SACKVILLE UNDER HENRY VIII.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

seventeenth century stone and brick, but adapted and patched for base uses, were riven and battered. The moment seemed imminent when the old home of the Sackvilles, long declined into a farm, would sink further into a mere slum. The dignified Henry VIII gate-house tower (Fig. 2) stood up bravely in the centre of this rabble array, vainly pleading to be still reckoned respectable. To-day it once again smiles

watches the spread of sessile growths on the pavement set terrace (Fig. 5), edged to the right with choice wall shrubs, to the left with dry-wall loving alpine, and leading to the ample south-facing loggia (Fig. 10) that forms the connecting link between the main house and the bachelor annexe. It spies, out to the south-east, the higher plateau, where the sunny fruit and vegetable ground is bisected by a broad



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3.—THE LONG WEST SIDE FROM THE GARDEN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—THE OLD BAY WINDOW AT THE SOUTH END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

flower-edged way (Fig. 7) that leads the eye out beyond the sentinel firs to far away Ghyll's Lap—the highest point of the hilly forest lands of Ashdown.

To this tower—and to this tower alone of any remnant of Old Buckhurst—we can assign a fairly precise date. John Sackville, who succeeded his father in 1524, made a will a year before he died in 1557, wherein he bequeaths:

To Anne my wife all the stuffe beinge in my new lodginge at Buckhurst at the time of my decease exc pte all that is my sisters that I have in keepinge for her that is to saye all the stuffe in the Chambers or Garretts over the entrie and all the stuffe in the Newe Chambers between the Tower and the Barne and all that remayns betwene the tower and the Barnes ende she to have it dureinge her life if she lyve sole and not maried with the garden and all other howsing thereonto bilte and that shal be bilte in the same garden in my life with free goinge thorowe the cofte and the kitchin to feche water and all other necessaries for her durning her life if she live sole and allsoe free goinge and cominge for her and her Stunts opp through the towe into her lodginge with free goinge to the Chapell Closet through the Gallarie durning her life and I wille she to have all the Chambers and Closet and other Rooms over the entrie where

developing scruples and ceasing to live with Katherine of Aragon, full publicly acknowledged and treated her as his lawfully wedded wife. But four years later the Pope, at his urgent request, had commissioned Cardinals Wolsey and Campegius to enquire into the case, and they waited on the Queen and endeavoured to persuade her to agree to a dissolution of the marriage. By then it must have been well known that Henry wished to be rid of her and would be displeased with those who drew tight the knot he sought to loose by coupling their badges in carved stone. Nor was there anyone less likely to incur the royal frown by such an act than John Sackville, whose first wife, and mother to his son, had been Margaret Boleyn, aunt to the young lady whose attractiveness was the chief force that had aroused Henry's conscientious objection to retaining his brother's widow as his wife. We have therefore strong grounds for concluding that the Buckhurst tower was complete by 1528 at latest, and that John Sackville either began erecting it very soon after his father died or merely finished a work which the latter



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5.—THE PAVED TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

I doe moste comonlie lye one yere hole after my decease and after one hole yere after my decease then I will she shall have no more but the other newe lodgings bothe above and beneath.

From this we may infer that the tower was not very recent in 1556, but that there were quite new chambers up against it. If now we examine the tower itself, we shall find that its detail yields us further evidence of date. Above the "entrie" (Fig. 1) are three diamond-shaped heraldic panels, of which the outer ones have a small shield of the Sackville bendvair under their ram's head crest, but in the middle one there is a large shield flanked by the letters I and A for John Sackville and Anne Torrell, his second wife. These panels, and also the window above them, have drip mouldings, with returns enclosing royal emblems or badges, those of the window being the Tudor rose and the Aragon pomegranate. Just as the left and right initials below stand for the owner and his existing wife, so do the left and right badges above stand for the King and his existing Queen. In 1524, when John Sackville came into possession of Buckhurst, Henry VIII, although he was

had begun. All its detail, such as the form of the arch of "entrie" and of window, and also of the finialled octagon corner buttresses, support this view. It is a typical piece of Early Tudor architecture, but its position, as a salient feature of a house of that period, is irregular. It did not occupy the centre, but the north corner of the east side of the main quadrangle. The chaos of wall and foundation widely scattered over a large area of the much tumbled and rapidly sloping ground west of the tower cannot be systematised into even a conjectural plan of what the house and its offices were like in the sixteenth century, which was the time of its greatest extent and importance. But the absence of windows, except on the second floor, and the presence of blocked-up doorways, as well as of roof lines, at a considerable height on the south and west of the tower, show that two-storey buildings were set against those sides, whereas the north as well as the east side stood free. Thus Dame Anne and her servants got "up through" the tower by ascending the newel stair in the north turret, and, entering the first-floor room, found doors opening



Copyright. 6.—LOOKING OUT ON TO GHYLL'S LAP—THE HIGHEST POINT OF ASHDOWN FOREST.

"C.L."



Copyright.

7.—THE FLOWER BORDER IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—A WELL ORDERED BUT WIDE SPREADING DOMICILE WHERE THE AGES MEET.

"C.L."

This is work dating from Henry VII down to our own day.

from it to her "lodging" lying south or west of it. That it was a large house is clear from John Sackville's mention of numerous rooms, including a chapel, and the then unusual feature of a gallery. But it was evidently on no ordered or synchronous plan, since the barn, which ought to have been away in a second or farmery court, if not further, ends against his "Neve Chambers." He belonged to a long line of owners, all fairly well off, but never at any one time having large means for a complete rebuilding. Himself, as Leland found, "a man of a 300^l land by the yere," he was able to enlarge and improve, but not demolish and re-erect. In his time, Buckhurst must have been an accretion, picturesque but confused, of domestic buildings and houses of office dating from various periods and grouped with much irregularity, not merely because of their manifold dates and uses, but because they had to be fitted in and upon the much broken surface of a rapid and rocky declivity. Even without accepting the view that "portions of Saxon masonry are to be seen built in the walls," it is quite certain that Buckhurst, as a place of inhabitation, dates a good deal earlier than the time of Henry III, when the *inquisitio post mortem* taken after Sir Jordan de Sackville's death in 1274 calls it "a well built dwelling house." The manor had come to the Sackvilles quite a century before through the marriage of an earlier Jordan de Sackville with Ela, sister and co-heir of Robert de Dene, her share of his great estates comprising five manors



9.—THE OAST HOUSE ADAPTED AS THE SOUTH-WEST ANNEXE.

in all. The descent of the Sackvilles before this big addition to their wealth may be a little shadowy, and the linking with one Herbrand de Salcavilla, "who came over with the Conqueror," may have needed some ingenious piecing together. But from the time that they became lords of Buckhurst we know them as a line of knights playing their part in the struggle between the Crown and the barons under John and Henry III, in the Welsh and Scotch expeditions of Edward I, and in the French wars of Edward III and Henry V. Then, fortunately for them, there is a lull in the record of their public activities, so that while the Roses' War was erasing numberless families from the roll of English landowners, Sir Edward Sackville and his son and successor Humphrey died in their beds, were

helps us to realise what Buckhurst was like and how its lord lived there. "The manor place is sufficiently well builded with two cross chambers of stone, brick or timber, with all manor houses of office within forth, and two barns and an oxhouse, a hay house and a stable, a garden and an orchard." An enclosed meadow or "park close" of thirty acres lies handy, but the "long meadow" which supplies hay for both lord and tenants lies open, "each man's dole" being divided off from his neighbour's "with great stones between." The doles each contain some six acres, and the ordinary tenant has one while the lord has eight. Open also are the arable lands that lie entirely in five common fields, split up into long narrow parcels divided from each other by

broad grass balks. Of these lands the lord has about three score, the parson one score, and the other tenants an average of half a score, scattered up and down among the five fields; ten shillings being a usual quit rent for such tenants to pay, supplemented, perhaps, by a yearly hen or two and a heriot on succession. Thus, it would need a much bigger manor than the one Fitzherbert takes as typical to bring in even £50 per annum in specie. Buckhurst was not only itself extensive, but was one of several that "The Auncientest House of the Sachevilles that now liveth" owned when John Leland passed by. Moreover, John Sackville lived in an age of social revolution. The feudal aristocracy and the land endowed monasteries passed away. New men got power and position under the Tudors, keen on new expenditure and therefore on new means of making money to meet it. In the next generation

Men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers to have any gain at all, that they themselves become graziers, butchers, tanners, sheepmasters, woodmen *et denique quid non.*

A nobleman's wife is reported as making "great profit by selling yearly her husband's venison to the cooks," while

another "will not stick to ride to market to see her butter sold." Such was the environment of John's son and successor Richard, called "Fill-sack by reason of his great wealth." He was of those that took their opportunities. We saw, a fortnight ago, how Sir Thomas Pope (COUNTRY LIFE, October 6th), becoming Treasurer of the Court of Augmentations, which was set up to deal with the monastic lands, eventually owned a whole bunch of manors that had been monastic property. It does not appear that his colleague, Sir Richard Sackville, the Chancellor of the Court, did quite so well in the matter of acres, but all agree that he became a wealthy man, when that meant much greater means than in his father's young days. He never held



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10.—IN THE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It faces south, screens off the garage yard, and connects the house with the oast house building.

buried in "Our Lady Ile" in Withyham Church and transmitted their acres intact to their descendants. Thus it was that John Sackville, grandson to Humphrey, came into "a 300th land by the yere" in 1624, as before related. To-day many a miner's wage equals that sum. But at a time when the Duke of Buckingham, whose total yearly income in money payments has been computed at no more than £5,000, was the wealthiest of Henry VIII's nobles, when the low mediæval rentals still held, and when the lord of the manor supported himself and his numerous household on the produce of his demesne lands, John Sackville was affluent. The description of a small but typical manor by his contemporary "Master Fitzherbert" of Norbury, in his "Boke of Surveyinge,"

high office, but was constantly, and no doubt lucratively, employed by four Sovereigns, being one of the capable, assiduous men who went in for administration and not for politics in an era when opposition to government aimed, not at a change of parliament, but a change of Sovereign and religion. And so he remained of the Privy Council under Henry's three children, attending to his official and private business while the heads of Somerset, Northumberland and others who aimed too high fell around him: a prudent, money-making man, but kindly, popular, and having wide sympathies and an intellectual outlook. We find him, as Treasurer of the Exchequer, attending the Queen at Windsor at the close of the year 1563, when the plague was raging in London. Mr. Secretary Cecil is entertaining at dinner in his chamber various of his colleagues, including Sir Richard and Roger Ascham, the Latin Secretary, who describes what passed. He is glad to find himself "in the companie of so manie wife and good men together as hardly than could have bene piked out againe out of all England befide." This is Cecil's moment for laying aside the "weightie affaires of the Realme" and talking pleasantly of other matters. Says he, "I haue frange newes brought me this morning that diuerse Scholers of Eaton be runne awaie from the Schole for feare of beating," and he wishes schoolmasters would show more discretion in using correction. Haddon, the Master of Requests, expresses the opinion "that the best Scholemaster of our time was the greatest beater and named the Perfon." Ascham differs and tells

how and whie yong children were foner allured by loue than driven by beating to attayne good learning: wherein I was the bolder to fay my minde bicaule M. Secreterie curteflie provoked me thereunto; or elle in such a companie and namelie in his praefence my wonte is to be more willing to use mine eares than to occupie my tonge.

Which seems also to have been the practice of Sir Richard Sackville, who "said nothing at all." Ascham then went up to the Queen and read Greek to her, but, that finished, Sir Richard

finding me in her Maiefties priuie chamber he tooke me by the hand and caryng me to a windoe said, M. *Ascham* I would not for a good deale of monie haue bene this daie abent from diner. Where though I laid nothing, yet I gau: as good eare, and do confider as well the taulke that passed as any one did there. M. Secreterie laid very wifely and most truely that many yong wittes be driven to hate learninge before they know what learninge is. I can be good witnes to this my felle: For a fond scholemaster before I was fullie fourtene yeare olde draue me fo, with feare of beating, from all loue of learninge as nowe, when I know what difference it is to haue learninge and to haue litle or none at all, I feele it my greateft grife and finde it my greateft hurte that ever came to me that it was my fo ill chance to light vpon fo lewde a scholemaster. But feing it is but in vain to lament thinges pafte and also widdome to looke to thinges to cum, furely, God willinge, if God lend me life, I will make this my mishap some occafion of good hap to litle *Robert Sackuile* my fonnes fon. For whole bringinge vp I would gladlie, if it so pleafe you vie peciallie your good advice.

And so it came about that Ascham wrote that well known English classic "The Scholemaster," although before he had finished it

good Syr Rich. Sackuile dieth, that worthe Gentleman: That earnest fauorer and furtherer of Gods true Religion: That faithfull seruitor to his Prince and Countrie: A louer of learning and all learned men: Wife in all doinges: Curteffe to all persons: fhewing fpite to none: doing good to many.

He was the engineer of his own fortunes, for, dying thus in 1566, he only outlived his father nine years. He does not appear to have expended any of his wealth on improving or enlarging Buckhurst, which was now to begin its downward path.
H. AVRAY TIPPING.

RHODODENDRON DECORUM

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

THE value of this fine species, which is still too rare in collections, will appear when one states that the truss of the illustration was picked on September 26th. Despite the fine summer, *Rhododendron decorum* is later than usual, and I generally expect its appearance about the beginning of the month; but it may always be counted upon at a time when flowering shrubs are uncommon, and there is certainly no other rhododendron of this importance, if we except *R. calophyllum*, which is likely to gladden the autumn.

R. decorum has large, white, fragrant blossoms and leaves of a delicate, somewhat glaucous green. Flower and foliage are alike beautiful and attractive, while the plant reveals a sturdy habit and a great love of moisture. It is a China species, and Mr. William Watson regards it as the Chinese form of *R. Griffithianum*. He adds that it is not a success under cultivation.

Now, while certain it is that Mr. Watson has forgotten more about rhododendrons than I ever knew, there still seems reason to doubt his conclusion, for *R. decorum* differs in some rather material respects from Griffith's famous plant. The foliage is more obtuse, smaller, and of a different colour, and the flower bud—doubtfully to be distinguished from the leaf bud in *R. Griffithianum*—sets after the familiar form in *R. decorum*. My plant is now handsomely studded with sturdy flower bud, to open next September. In habit it differs also. It seems dwarfer, and I have found it quite the thirstiest of the species, though this may be an accident of my plant's drainage. It thrives in half shade in pure peat, for here all rhododendrons must live so. We are on the limestone and can offer them nothing else than peat and leaf. *R. decorum* is quite hardy in the West, though I protect the bud with a light covering when it freezes.



A FINE LATE-FLOWERING RHODODENDRON.

A truss of bloom picked on September 29th.

EARLY POTATO AND BROCCOLI CULTURE IN CORNWALL

BY DR. E. J. RUSSELL.

A HIGHLY interesting case of adaptation of farming to local conditions is found just outside Penzance. To the right of the railway after leaving Marazion, and of the road from Hayle into Penzance, is a slope of land stretching from Ludgvan Church to Gulval Church, facing south and within two miles of the sea. The land on the top is devoted to ordinary farming; that at the foot of the slope is under grass, being wet and liable to frosts; but the land in the middle is remarkably productive, yielding no less than two crops a year of highly valuable potatoes and broccoli.

This piece of land seems to have been discovered by cultivators about 150 years ago. Cornwall was not in olden days remarkable for its agriculture. "In times past," says Richard Carew in his Survey of 1602, "the Cornish people gave themselves principally (and in a manner wholly) to the seeking of tin and neglected husbandry. Tonkin, in his notes of 1740, refers to the corn ground, but does not mention potatoes. I cannot find when potatoes were first grown in Cornwall, but it must have been soon after 1750, for they had become an important crop in 1790. Fraser, in the Survey of 1794, devotes considerable space to them, and was much struck by the two crops produced in this district by planting "the kidney potato about Christmas, or a few weeks before it, which they draw in March, and plant in the same ground the apple potato. Captain James, of Marazion, assured me that two years ago he had by this management in the first crop from one acre 100 Cornish bushels of 24 gallons each, and in the second crop 200 bushels." Translating these from Cornish to Imperial measures the yields were 6 tons and 12 tons per acre respectively. G. B. Worgan, in the Survey of 1815, says: "If Cornwall does not grow wheat enough for its inhabitants, it certainly has the merit of supplying other counties with large quantities of potatoes; this year (1808) some shiploads have been sent to London; the two great seaports, Plymouth and Portsmouth, are furnished with many thousand bushels annually from hence."

As carried out at present, the industry consists in growing potatoes from February to June, followed at once by broccoli, which are cut between December and February; then starting at once with potatoes as before. This method is considered to have been started by Benjamin Roberts about sixty years ago; he died some twenty years ago, and many still living remember him. An account of his work would be very interesting, but, unfortunately, it has not been put together.

The potatoes are planted in February and March, having previously been sprouted or chitted in barns and sheds. Prodigious quantities of seed are used—no less than 2 tons per acre, against the 10cwt. to 14cwt. of ordinary practice. This large quantity requires close planting; the rows are only 10ins. to 12ins. apart and the sets 8ins. apart; in the best Scotch districts the rows are 27ins. or 28ins., and the sets about 12ins. apart. Planting is entirely on the flat; there is no ridging such as is universal elsewhere; the work is all done by hand; one man opens up with a shovel (the ground having previously been ploughed and cultivated to a depth of 5ins.); one boy follows to drop in the potatoes and another man covers up. After this there are two hand-hoeings, but no horse-hoeing. By the end of May or early in June the potatoes are lifted; this was formerly all done by hand, casual labour coming from the mines and from other farms for the month of lifting. But during the war this was impracticable, and the potatoes are now ploughed out by an implement something like a broadshare—a mechanical device which not only helped to overcome the labour shortage, but does less damage than the shovel. The lifting proceeds according to market prices; it is not all done at one time, nor does the farmer wait for the crop to mature—5 tons per acre may pay better than 8 tons. The great point is to watch the market and sell out judiciously, however small and immature the potatoes may be.

A common yield of May Queen, the earliest in cultivation (though there are a few of the still earlier but rather too delicate Duke of York), is 6 tons to 9 tons per acre. Sharp's Express, which is somewhat later, is the most generally grown, and this often gives up to 10 tons per acre. Prices before the war commonly began at £1 per hundredweight at the beginning of the season, then fell to

£10 to £12 per ton; finally to £7. When there was much disease prices fell still lower; many growers have sold at £5. Fortunately, however, disease is not very common; it came in May this year, but usually the potatoes are dug and sold before it does much harm. But in every year the market is gone as soon as the Lincolnshire potatoes are ready, and all the time there is competition from Jersey and St. Malo, from which places the freights to London are less than from Cornwall. This year the price began at £40 per ton and never fell below £20.

The manuring of the crop is very interesting. Usually manure is added to increase the final weight; here it is put on to increase the early growth. Experts are familiar with the fact that quick-acting nitrogenous manure allows growth to continue even when the temperature has fallen so low as otherwise to stop growth; in spring time a dressing of nitrate of soda often causes wheat to continue growing during a cold spell, while the unmanured crop around stands still. And, as rapid growth is *par excellence* the result required by the early potato grower, he uses quick-acting nitrogenous manure with a most lavish hand. To begin with 100 to 200 loads per acre of the so-called "mixed dressing," a sand, dung and seaweed compost—made by building up alternate layers of soil and sand, then dung and seaweed in autumn, and thoroughly mixing the whole at Christmas; a heap examined by me last July contained 0.22 per cent. nitrogen; farmyard manure contains 0.4 per cent. nitrogen—is put on the land *every year*; each load weighs about half a ton. Then 1 ton per acre of the best guano used to be applied after planting the sets; of late years, however, this quantity has been reduced to 10cwt. to 15cwt. per acre, but 5cwt. to 7cwt. nitrate of soda were added. Last year there was neither guano nor nitrate of soda, so 10cwt. of superphosphate and 7cwt. to 8cwt. sulphate of ammonia were used instead—apparently with satisfactory results.

The nitrogen is not all lost, however. Indeed, after the potatoes are lifted the ground is horse-hoed and broccoli—the cauliflower, not the sprouting kind—planted in their place. Two kinds are grown: the earliest, Veitch's Self Protecting, the seed of which comes from Italy and France, and each man raises his own plants; and a rather later, but still early sort, Early Penzance, of which the growers often raise their own seed.

The young plants are set out 2ft. by 2ft. 2ins. apart; they receive no manure and require little attention. They are cut when ready—from November to the end of January or early February—and sold in London, Birmingham, Manchester, etc. Prices depend on the weather elsewhere; they are low if mild, open weather prevails in the Midlands; if there is frost elsewhere they are high. The French, however, are serious competitors and, as our guide admitted, often better gardeners. Prices before the war ranged from 2s. 6d. to 14s. (commonly 10s. to 12s.) per crate of four or five dozen, but during the war they ran much higher, for a time as high as 30s. to 40s., but before long considerable supplies came from the Channel Islands and France which brought down prices. I gather from a salesman that the industry could be improved if the packing and grading were less faulty; those who understand this part of the business secure better prices than those who do not.

Immediately the broccoli are cleared the land is ploughed, "mixed dressing" is applied from the unploughed on to the ploughed land, and is worked in with cultivators; the land is then rolled and cultivated to a depth of 5ins. Thus in one year two crops are grown, the gross return from which was often, before the war, £120 to £180 per acre, and is now twice as much, or more. This process can be kept up indefinitely. I was told of fields in Gulval and Ludgvan which for fifty years have grown two crops a year. Such a long continuation of the same crops is, however, unusual, and most fields have had a turn at mangolds or other crops when prices of potatoes have fallen. Naturally, the holdings are small, not usually more than 10 acres to 20 acres. The occupiers work themselves and employ three or four regular men per 20 acres, in addition to casual help at potato lifting time. The work is strenuous, and the cost of manure and of seed is considerable. Rent is £8 to £10 per acre, and the land being so valuable, none of it is wasted; we noticed, for example, that the cart-track across one field to another was worked down and planted with

mangolds which, it was reckoned, would be lifted before the track was wanted.

The soil is sandy but never blows away, and it is not locally called light, that name being reserved for the less valued black granite soils lying to the west towards Land's End. The rock from which it arises is locally called green-stone; on the geological map it is marked as the metamorphic aureole surrounding the granite. Its special value arises from its sandy nature, which allows it to be cultivated at any time even when wet, and its superb position on a slope sheltered from the north and west and within two miles of the sea. Similar land three miles away yields its potatoes three weeks later, and, therefore, loses the best prices. The best positions are in the five parishes Gulval, Ludgvan, Perranuthnoe, Madron and Paul, and to these the double cropping is largely confined.

The risks of early potatoes being considerable, a farmer must have his way out. The ordinary arable farmer lays his land down to grass in time of trouble; the Penzance man turns to flowers, mangolds or one crop of broccoli. Before the war potatoes were suffering from French competition, but narcissi came in (the flowers only being sold, not the bulbs); the labour and carriage involved cost less. Round Paul there are scores of acres in flower near the cliffs; Madron also has flowers. During the war the flowers were displaced by food crops; it will be interesting to see whether the food

remains or the flowers come back. The single crop broccoli is quite different from the early broccoli following potatoes: the crop is later and, contrary to the usual rule, realises higher prices than the earlier produce, but as cutting does not begin till April or May, there is no chance of growing potatoes.

The industry is of more than local importance. It is a standing demonstration to all cultivators near the sea or in sheltered sun-trap positions of the great possibilities of the strip of land between the top and bottom of a slope. This middle land is warmer and earlier than that lying above or below it, and it can be made to produce earlier crops. A man with an eye to local markets may often find some want that he can fill—something which fetches rather a fancy price for a period of two or three weeks before the main supplies are in. Such wants can be supplied with profit to the grower and advantage to the community.

There is a further point of very special interest to students of agricultural science. In the past they have thought of manures as agents for increasing the yields of crops. Some, but not much, attention has been devoted to their effects on quality. This Penzance farming shows in a striking way a third effect hitherto almost unexplored—the effect of manures in counteracting cold weather and compelling growth under unfavourable conditions. All the growers agree that their potatoes only come on in time when heavy dressings of the kind here described are given.

A MODERN SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sir Stanley Maude and Other Memories, by Mrs. Stuart Menzies. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.)

OF the Englishmen who died in the war there is no one whose memory is more certain of being kept alive than that of Sir Stanley Maude. For a parallel to him we have to go back to Sir Philip Sidney, of whom Shelley wrote:

Sidney as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot.

The story told of his kindness and courtesy after he had been mortally wounded at the Battle of Zutphen has long been told to young people of both sexes, and we hope will long continue to be. After feats of the greatest daring, during one of which he had a horse killed under him, he was eventually struck by a bullet in the left thigh, and just managed to keep his saddle until he reached the camp. There, in terrible thirst, he called for water, and, as he was putting the drink to his mouth, a dying soldier looked so greedily upon it that he said the famous words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," and gave him the water. Stanley Maude perished in circumstances even more dramatic. He was at the very height of his renown. Sent out to Mesopotamia to command the troops there, he found them depressed with a long time of unsuccessful fighting, in a climate wholly unsuited to their constitutions. That great business, the management of an army, had fallen into uttermost confusion. Maude patiently took up the threads and sorted them all out in order till the military machine was as perfect as it could be made in the circumstances. The men soon found in him a source of encouragement and inspiration. Not only did he possess a winning manner in his treatment of them, but he had a firm assurance of being able to beat the Turk, and his confidence proved to be infectious.

He died as a consequence of his consideration and courtesy. His sympathy with the suspicious people over whom he ruled induced him to accept an invitation to visit a place which he knew to be plague-stricken. The Arabs wished to do honour to him, and he did not wish to rebuff them. But he told his escort they were on no account to eat or drink anything that was set before them. But when he was asked to drink himself he felt that it would hurt his host not to accept. As a consequence he was seized with cholera on Friday, November 16th, and died on Sunday, November 18th, 1917. The end was even finer than that of death on the battlefield. It was also the death of a good sportsman. Sir Stanley Maude had taken to athletics in early childhood. He was a good oar at Eton and rowed three in the final of House Fours, which his crew won from Mr. Carter's House by only a foot. He won the steeplechase in 1881 and the mile in the following year. In 1882 he was whip to the beagles. At Sandhurst he performed the feat of winning three races in one day—the half-mile, the mile, and the three miles against Woolwich.

How strenuous was his life in Mesopotamia is proved by a diary of his usual day. His working day in Mesopotamia is described as follows:

- 5 a.m.—Get up.
- By 5.30 he generally awoke everybody in the immediate neighbourhood by his shouts for his shorthand writer and typist. It was a saying amongst the staff that he even used a shorthand writer and typist when writing to his wife!
- 7 a.m.—Breakfast. This meal he had with his Chief of Staff, General Money, who was considered, or who considered himself, a rapid eater, but was hopelessly left behind in the race through breakfast with General Maude who could put away two courses while his Chief of Staff was still busy with the first. Fifteen minutes almost invariably saw Maude outside his breakfast and away at work. By 7.40 the General's motor launch had to be ready and waiting, or his shouts would be equal to those at 5.30 for the shorthand writers. From this time to 1 o'clock he worked in his office tent. At first daily, and later once or twice a week, he had a meeting of the heads of the staff and directors in one of the larger office tents.
- 1-1.30.—Luncheon. Another race between Maude and the Chief of Staff to see who would be finished first!
- 1.30-3.30.—More work.
- 3.30-5.—A ride (at a rapid pace) round one or other of the camps, hospitals or depôts.
- 5.—Tea.
- 5.15-7.—Work in office.
- 7.30-8.30.—Dinner.
- 8.30-9.30.—Work in office.
- 9.30.—Bed.

General Sir Ian Hamilton recalls the story that at the evacuation of Gallipoli "he was about the last man off on the whole Peninsula and did much to keep everyone cool and steady, refusing for one thing on any terms to part with a huge valise he was carrying." This valise was in reality his kit-bag full of trophies which nothing would make him leave behind, not even barbed wire. The long wait caused somebody in high authority to write a little parody which runs as follows:

Come into the lighter, Maude,
For the fuse has long been lit,
Come into the lighter, Maude,
And never mind your kit.

I've waited here an hour or more,
The news that your march is o'er.
The sea runs high, but what care I,
It's better to be sick than blown sky high.

So jump into the lighter, Maude,
The allotted time is flown,
Come into the lighter, Maude,
I'm off in the launch alone,
I'm off in the launch alone.

Such are a few of the characteristics of this splendid example of the modern knight. He was as courteous and kind and considerate and chivalrous as any of those famed in ancient books. We have of set purpose dealt with these features in preference to adding to the mass of comment already published on his brilliant military career.

THE ESTATE MARKET RENEWED ACTIVITY

THIS wonderful year—for so it is in the matter of the realisation of landed properties—will have nothing more wonderful to its credit than the marvellous burst of activity seen in the last week or so. Most accurately our headline last week, "Full Speed Ahead!" indicated the tendency of affairs in the market, and the pace has been hotter than we dared hope for. Acceleration was instantaneous as soon as the strike was got out of the way, and the momentum is such that it will not be easily checked.

Everything promises well for a large amount of business between now and the end of the year, and the average realisations, which, as mentioned a week ago, fell sharply during the strike, are now more than corrected to the normal, for, if we take the approximate amount of the sales recorded during the last ten days or fortnight and spread them over the strike period, the weekly totals will be found somewhat in excess of what they need have been to maintain the average rate.

THE RECORDS OF RUTHIN.

The records of an early sale of Ruthin Castle are preserved in the Record Office in Chancery Lane, a sale in 1635 by Charles I, then, as usual, in want of funds, of the town, castle and lordship of Ruthin to one Crane, whose interest was subsequently acquired by Sir Richard Myddelton of Chirk Castle. The lordship rolls of Ruthin range from 22 Edward I (1204) to the year 1654. During Crane's ownership of the castle came the stirring incidents of the attack by the Roundheads—"the seige began at Ruthin the 25 of January, 1646." In what would now be called his *communiqué*, Thomas Mytton, the Cromwellian commander, reports that "reducing of this castle hath cost me more time and ammunition than I expected." His "batteries prepared for a demicanon and culverin to play upon it" were not needed, as the castle was surrendered. But this notwithstanding, the characteristic Cromwellian vandalism was wrought upon it, and the castle was demolished. In 1826 the Hon. Frederick West built part of the existing mansion on the site of the castle ruins, and about the year 1850 the new Red Castle and other portions were added. The gardens still deserve the description of old-world, with their ancient moat, creeper-clad ruins, whipping-post, ancient dungeon and dovecote, as well as all that a century of careful cultivation and large outlay has done to perfect them. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons, are offering Ruthin Castle at Hanover Square on Tuesday week, October 28th, and, if any portion then remains unsold, a further auction will take place locally early in November.

Kilmahew Castle, Dumbarton, Major J. W. Burns' estate of 1,552 acres, with mansion in the Scots baronial style and the ruins of the original castle, comes under the hammer of the Hanover Square firm at Glasgow on Monday, November 3rd.

PEERS' SALES TO TENANTS.

The Duke of Grafton's Wakefield estate, or portions of it, extending to 7,935 acres, was, some weeks ago, divided into over 200 lots for sale by auction at Northampton in the present week, and Messrs. Peirce and Thorpe appointed Monday and Tuesday last for the purpose. Such success, however, attended the negotiations with the tenantry that about 140 lots found buyers beforehand, and the remaining holdings were offered on Tuesday, when again good results were obtained. The total realisations when finally made up will be found to be among the notable figures of the current year.

Totals sometimes reported by local correspondents in connection with sales of landed estates are misleading, inasmuch as they often ignore the private transactions which put quite another complexion on a sale. It is well to wait for the final figures. These are available in regard to the recent series of sales by Lord Falmouth of properties in Cornwall, and they are very gratifying to the vendor, who was represented by Messrs. Body and Son and Mr. James Escott, with Mr. Coulter Hancock (Truro) as solicitor. Some seven square miles were dealt with in nearly 250 lots at Truro and Penzance. The former made £129,258 and the latter £8,150.

GOODRICH CASTLE RUINS.

Richard Talbot, "Lord of Goderich Castle" and other of its early owners knew Goodrich Castle, now in the market by order of Mrs. E. F. Bosanquet, as a stronghold remarkable alike for its military value and the beauty of its position, on an eminence overlooking the Wye, about four miles from Ross. Like Ruthin in the North, this fortress at the southern edge of the Principality served as a Royalist rallying place in the Civil War. Its period is Early Norman, and the ruins still attest its ancient glory. Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. will offer Goodrich in November in one or more lots.

Sr Pyers C. J. Mostyn's historic estate of Talacre in Flintshire is to be sold at Chester shortly by Messrs. Dunn, Soman and Coverdale. The mansion has a private chapel, and the schools and teachers' houses are of more than local celebrity. The total area of the estate is about 3,600 acres.

SALE OF CRICKET ST. THOMAS.

The late Mr. F. J. Fry of Bristol spent an enormous sum in remodelling Cricket St. Thomas some twenty years ago, when he bought it from Viscount Bricport. The classic house is somewhat remarkable in that it conforms in plan to the neighbouring hills, which here assume something of the shape of a horseshoe. The park is of surpassing loveliness in every part of its 800 acres, and the whole property extends to 1,890 acres, with views of the Dorset coast. The stream, cascades and chain of lakes lend particular attraction to the grounds. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who have disposed of the estate, have also in the last few days effected the sale of other extensive estates, among them Sudbrooke Holme. This was submitted at Lincoln, in conjunction with Mr. J. E. Walter, in thirty lots, of which twenty-six changed hands under the hammer for £65,000. The Georgian mansion with its park of about 420 acres failed to reach the reserve, but it has since been sold by private treaty. Certain properties which were to have been submitted this week have been deferred until November 4th, and the late Colonel Henley's Leigh estate, near Chard, another adjourned auction, took place locally this week.

MANSIONS AND THEIR CONTENTS.

The very prevalent practice of purchasing country houses with their entire contents has been followed in the case of Godinton Park, Kent, an Elizabethan mansion of peculiar perfection, which was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XIV, page 90; and Vol. XXI, page 666). Holme Park, Sussex, a property on which a very large amount has at different times been expended, is another case in point, and both of them have just been dealt with by Messrs. Collins and Collins, who have also sold the Berks estate of Maidenhead, thereby rendering the auction unnecessary. Another large modern mansion, Pickenham Hall, Norfolk, and 5,000 acres; Preston House, Hants, and 1,200 acres; the mansion and 400 acres, Kynaston, Herefordshire, famed for salmon fishing; Notgrove, Gloucestershire, a stone Tudor manor house on the Cotswolds, enlarged and restored by the late owner at a great expense, with 1,000 acres; Hoveton Hall, Norfolk, with 200 acres, a modernised house; and Little Thakeham, Pulborough, a fine example of a Lutyns house, with similar acreage, have also all of them been sold by Messrs. Collins and Collins, who, jointly with Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, have found a buyer for Standerwick Court, Somersetshire.

DRURY LANE THEATRE SITE.

The temptation to treat of the traditions of Drury Lane Theatre must be resisted, or the page would be filled before more than their outline has been sketched. Not only the free old of old Drury, but those of the Strand and the Aldwych Theatres, the Waldorf Hotel, and scores of less important properties are to be sold at an early date by Messrs. Edwin Fox, Burnett and Baddeley, and also that of the Bow Street Police Station. Of the latter it should be noted that there is something agreeably different from its melancholy records of criminality to mention, namely, that Fielding formerly lived on the spot and penned most of "Tom Jones" there. In Bow Street, too, lived Grinling Gibbons, recognised, as we learn from the contemporary report of an accident, even in his own time and neighbourhood as "the famous carver." Grinling Gibbons seems to have been unlucky in the choice of a house, for it fell down suddenly in January, 1701, with fatal results to a passer-by. Sir Godfrey Kneller and Dr. Radcliffe, founder of the museum at Oxford, lived next door to one another in Bow Street, then one of the fashionable London quarters, as Dryden incidentally discloses in his line about—

"... fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux."

THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

That popular pleasure resort near Brighton, the Devil's Dyke, has in the last three or four years resounded not to the merriment of holiday makers, but to the bursting of bombs, for the ground in the district has been used as a bombing school. But that chapter in its history is now closed, and the estate, with all its appurtenances of tea rooms and licensed premises, is now to be sold by Messrs. Weatherall and Green jointly with Messrs. Parsons and Son, on October 29th, at Brighton. It is a freehold of 190 acres, served by the special railway line from that town, and from its heights of 700ft. above sea level views are obtainable of the Isle of Wight, Windsor Castle, the Wealden country and Leith Hill.

AN UNUSUAL CONDITION OF SALE.

Mrs. Linklater, widow of the late Prebendary Linklater, is selling Holworth House and 8 acres, overlooking Weymouth Bay. For some years the religious needs of the people of the locality have been efficiently met by the services in the private chapel attached to the house, and the vendor is desirous of finding someone who will undertake to carry on that work, in which event specially favourable terms would be quoted for the property. Messrs. Duke and Son of Dorchester are acting for Mrs. Linklater in the matter. ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATIONAL HOUSING SCHEME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The condition of the national housing scheme is at present deplorable, and much blame is attributed to the Government by various sections of the Press. May I be allowed, as architect to one of these schemes, to say a few words on certain causes of delay not generally referred to? (1) *Sites*.—In my district we have, so far, got no land. A most progressive and disinterested building committee picked out suitable sites. A sensible district commissioner came down for the Ministry of Health, inspected and passed the sites. We can't get them. We write to the landlords, who ignore the letters. We write again and they ignore the sites chosen and offer us totally unsuitable ones. And so it goes on. No doubt an amusing and lucrative game for the estate solicitors, but it doesn't advance our housing. We have compulsory powers, but are invited not to use them. The reason for this is easy to understand. In some districts the council is composed of men who pretend to represent the working classes but do nothing of the sort; the usual type of gasbag of the Bernard Shaw persuasion. These councils select the best piece of Lord So-and-So's garden or the fairway of the eighteenth hole of the local golf links, not because these bits are near the school and have drinking water and drainage near (links and gardens do not run to these luxuries), nor from the desire for the greatest good of the greatest number, but from the desire for the greatest harm to certain detested individuals. (2) *Labour*.—I have no brief for the contractors. Indeed, the architect who is not short-sighted is their natural enemy; but at present they are in a parlous condition. As one of them said to me, "We can price materials, carriage, plant, etc., but we cannot price labour; we don't know the output of a single man." I was demobilised last December, and came back to a changed world. I had expected a general advance in wages, and highly approved of it; but after the magnificent example of steady work in the Navy I was not prepared to find that the British workman had forgotten how to work. It now takes two men to do one man's pre-war job, as far as I can see. They hang about, and talk and sing and spit, and are very happy, but they don't work. The cost of a building before the war was, roughly, two-thirds material, one-third labour; now, in spite of the great rise in the price of materials, the ratio is reversed. That is the reason for the ridiculous tenders we get for housing schemes. No sane council will build cottages at £1,000 apiece. If the British workman wants somewhere to live he must persuade his fellow worker in the building trade to do a decent pre-war day's work. The Ministry of Health is, in my experience, most helpful and expeditious; the two brakes on the hubs of progress, landlords and labour, are both hard on.—F. R. I. B. A.

THE ANACHRONISM OF THE BRICK FIREPLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read the letter with reference to brick fireplaces in your issue of September 20th, and quite agree with your correspondent. Surely this playing at rustic simplicity is merely a pose and, we may hope, has been relegated to the past. To fit up rooms with all the refinements of modern life and to use common bricks for the shelves and surroundings of grates is a childish absurdity. But we must not forget that there are cases where the brick fireplace is far from being out of place and is the proper treatment—where wood is burnt on the hearth, as in the delightful fireplaces of Kent and Sussex, and wherever brick is the natural material of the district; but these are not, I think, those which your correspondent refers to. After all, whatever the treatment of the fireplace, in few cases can the architect be responsible for the so-called "ornaments" placed upon it.—E. GUY DAWBER.

THE PIG AS A WEALTH PRODUCER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. Sugden, is quite correct; I run pigs, poultry and ducks together on the same fields here. It is economy to do so, as the pigs, in feeding, splash food on the ground and this the poultry pick up and thus help to feed themselves from what the pigs waste. I wish everyone with waste ground, or bad farms, would learn what good the pig can do, and thus save some of the £30,000,000 we at present send abroad, for the people of this country. I am just taking over four more new farms, and the difference in condition and fertility between them and those I have been working myself is amazing; but with the pig I shall restore these farms to good commercial undertakings in two years, and at the same time make the woodland produce more than the best land on these farms has been doing. I am glad to say round me there are now several small pedigree pig breeders going ahead, mainly in their spare time. One I have noticed, who started with two young sows at £30 each, has, with the first farrow, now disposed of them for the cost of the sows, so that after next farrowing a nice profit, and two sows at no cost, will be his portion. Another one, who started with twelve three months old gilts from me, and fed them exactly on my rations and system, had a capital expenditure of about £120, and now, some six months after, they could be sold for at least three times their original cost. Great personal attention and intelligence have been employed in their care, and it has certainly repaid the owners and it was all done on less than one acre of ground. They have now obtained a house and fifteen acres of ground, and are surely on the way to a fine pedigree herd of pigs and a nice income that could not be obtained otherwise so surely and so quickly as with the pedigree pig.—S. F. EDGE.

WOMAN AGRICULTURIST'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some remarkable results in food production have been achieved by Mlle. Rossignon, the noted Belgian agriculturist. From only three acres of land she has raised foodstuffs to the value of £720. By means of her special system of pruning, reducing the waste of wood and sap, she has been able to produce on two yards of branch no less than twenty pears, each weighing from a pound to a pound and a quarter. Mlle. Rossignon declares that, with

the average methods of agriculture, four-fifths of a crop is lost. She is very enthusiastic about the possibilities of our English soil, which she is quite certain only awaits scientific treatment to become extremely lucrative. She intends in the near future to make experiments on a much larger scale and to give the benefit of her discoveries to English farmers. Mlle. Rossignon, it may be remembered, was the only woman to sit on the Board of Belgian agriculture and horticultural experts which sat in London during the war.—HEBE SPAULL.

A HOUSE-WARMING ENQUIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "Norwyk," I live in the country and have had very considerable and unhappy experiences with all sorts and kinds of oil stoves. For heating purposes, after trying most of the well known and advertised makes, all of which were more or less failures unless constantly attended to, I came across a stove of American origin called the "Perfection No. 525" (there are other sizes made, but this, I think, is the best all round size), which fulfils all my requirements and is really smokeless! I have three of them in use at the present moment. It burns steadily, gives a good heat, does not smoke or require any attention, and I should strongly advise "Norwyk" to try one. He must not, however, allow copies to be palmed off on him even though they may be manufactured by first-class makers, as they are not the same, except in appearance.—NAVAL OFFICER.

WHALES IN CORNISH WATERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would appear that Cornish waters, especially around the South Coast, are becoming the favoured haunts of whales of much larger dimensions than those frequent visitors of past years. A few days ago a western fishing fleet were "shooting" their pilchard nets in the vicinity of Mount Malpas Buoy, Mount's Bay, when they were considerably alarmed at the sudden appearance in their midst of an exceptionally large whale. The whale came perilously near one of the large motor boats which was nearly 30ft. in length, the craft's length being greatly exceeded by the size of the whale. Fortunately, there was no collision, but the fleet had a bad time, owing to the damage done by the visitor to the nets. Several members of the fleet had served in Mediterranean waters, and stated that the whale was similar to those seen east of Gibraltar. Some time ago another whale penetrated the waters of Fowey Estuary and river on three successive days, and returned on the ebb tides. Several attempts were made to harpoon it, and eventually some fishermen got fast to the whale and were towed out to sea at a furious rate for two miles. After an exciting fight the whale was killed and brought back. In this case the whale measured over 28ft.—G. P. M.

THE HARVEST MOON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to ask which is the true harvest moon, the September or the October full moon, for this year there appears some doubt? My dictionary defines it as the full moon nearest September 22nd or September 23rd, yet I learnt years ago that it is the moon nearest September 29th, and that is the standing belief in mid-Derbyshire to this day. This year there is hardly a days difference in the time of full moon in either September or October, as full moon in either case is equidistant from September 29th, so, according to my old teaching the October full moon is the real harvest moon. In some past years, when the full moons of both months have fallen as they have this year, I have known some most heated discussions on the matter, which always ended in favour of the October full moon and I still think the subject to be most interesting. With the general public the decision is for the September moon. This year the "fulls" are on the 10th and 9th respectively.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

BERNICLE GEESE IN ESSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We had a visit here this morning, about 7 a.m., from a flight of thirteen Bernicle geese. They were feeding on the small lake here (Chelmsford), which is much infested with swan-weed, and were, I think, disturbed by some tame Chinese geese, and very soon took their departure. It must be just about ten years since a smaller flight of these geese alighted in the lake and spent the morning there: and as this species is said to be a rare visitor to the county of Essex, I thought a notice of their arrival might interest some of your readers.—M. E. HUGHES-HUGHES. (7th Oct. 1919.)

A CAT'S SCIENTIFIC WARFARE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought the following would interest your readers. The other day I saw my cat sitting on a wall against which two or three faggots were stacked, intent on something hiding there. As I approached to move the faggots, she jumped down and crouched about a yard from the faggots ready for a spring. There is a fence dividing my garden from the copse, about 6yds. from where the faggots stood. As soon as I touched the faggots to move them, a full grown rabbit darted out for the copse. The cat sprang at the rabbit, and the impetus when they met rolled them over and over in a whirl of leaves. When this ended I saw the cat had the rabbit fixed with her teeth just behind the ear in the neck. The rabbit kicked and squealed, but the cat stood holding the rabbit with eyes dilated, without moving a hair. Then I noticed the blood gradually dyeing the fur all round the rabbit's neck. Presently the kicking ceased and the cat half dragged and half carried the rabbit, which was nearly as big as herself, through the fence. What struck me as being so curious was the cat's quiet confidence while the rabbit was kicking and squealing for its life.—A. J. PHILPOT.

TOO GOOD FOR THE HOUSE-BREAKER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
 Sir,—I send you a photograph of the fine mill at Sidlesham, about seven miles south of Chichester, in the hope that you will publish the illustration as a record: for soon the building will have disappeared, to the very great regret of many. Built in 1756 of bricks from France, which were brought into the harbour in barges, it fell into disuse just before the Pagham Harbour enclosure in 1876. It stands on the site of a former mill mentioned in the survey which was made by order of Queen Elizabeth shortly before the Armada.—WINIFRED WARD.

[We do not know the reason for the demolition of this old mill. The photograph shows it to be a good straightforward piece of building, which, with intelligent care, might surely have been put into a sound condition and adapted to some present-day purpose.—Ed.]



THE OLD MILL AT SIDLESHAM.

CATTALO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
 Sir,—A *propos* my Nature Note on Buffalo which you published last week, you may care to see this photograph of cattalo, a cross-breeding of bison with domestic cattle. At Buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta, the huge fenced enclosure of 160 square miles which forms the home of the Government buffalo herd, the Canadian Department of Agriculture is undertaking a most interesting experiment. This is the cross-breeding of the wild bison, once found in such countless thousands on the Canadian prairies, with domestic cattle. It is hoped that a new and hardier type of beef animal will be developed, which will be better adapted to the winter climate. As is well known, the buffalo can "rustle" for itself throughout the severest winter, pawing down through the snow to the grass beneath. The buffalo also has a higher meat value on account of its huge shoulder hump, and it is hoped to perpetuate this characteristic also in the cattalo, thus securing about roolb. more beef to the animal.—J. W.



A CATTALO BULL.

A PLANT THAT HAS TO BE FED.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
 Sir,—In the Gilbert Islands, the great scattered group of atolls that saddle the Equator, is found a vegetable which the natives call "Tul-tul." It is for all the world like a giant turnip, only a blood-red colour, and to the white man is a very tough and tasteless vegetable. To the natives, however, it is a main item of their diet, and they cook it and mix it with their coconut and bread-fruit, and is supposed to be very nourishing. The natives cultivate this plant in a rough sort of fashion and in large ditches or swamps. The



FEEDING THE TUL TUL PLANT.

peculiar feature of it is that it has to be fed, and for this purpose the native children go over the island collecting all decayed vegetable matter; this is soaked in plenty of salt water, and is then taken in armfuls to the plants and put in the centre of the leaf stems or on the short thick stem from which the leaves spread out on every side. Slowly but surely, as you look on, the decayed matter disappears, the leaves stiffen and spread out erect—signs, apparently, that the plant has dined heartily, for it really is a case of feeding a plant. There is no opening of the stem or the leaves; the food is slowly and gradually absorbed in a silent and truly wonderful manner. It is not known in any other islands of the South Pacific.—THOS. J. McMAHON.

THE VINEGAR "PLANT."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

Sir,—In my childhood in New Zealand I remember staying on a "run" for the summer holidays. This "run" was situated "away back in the bush," and as it was on a tidal creek, everything required had to be water-borne from the nearest town. As winter storms made this waterway dangerous for an open boat for several months of the year, the "run" owner's wife stored her house with a liberal provision for the cold weather. Much of this was manufactured at home, and among other things, she made honey vinegar. Bee-keeping was done on most primitive lines, any old box being considered good enough for the bees; but as the place was a paradise of flowers, the harvest of the hives was considerable. The "light" comb was stored as it was, while the darker comb was "run" (there were no extractors used), the final process consisting of squeezing out all the surplus honey with the hands, the remaining crushed comb being dropped into a large tub of clear, fresh, spring water. After all the honey had been "run," the crushed comb was well rinsed in the water, and the water strained carefully. The comb was then melted down for wax, but the honey water was tasted and, if sweet enough (I never saw any particular proportion used), it was poured into clear glass wine bottles, and a tiny piece of vinegar "plant" (it was called "mother" there) added. A piece of white note paper was tied over the mouth of the bottle, and the top of this pricked with a large needle. A loop was then tied to the neck of the bottle, and the bottles hung on the sunny side of the barn in such a way that the eaves prevented the rain dropping on the paper. In six months' time this made a delicious vinegar. I have always heard that the vinegar "mother" created a sort of mild fermentation that did away with the necessity of fermenting the vinegar with yeast. Anciently all vinegar was made without acid additions, and was more wholesome. Personally, when I can procure lemons, I always use lemon juice as a vinegar.—AUSTRALIAN.

OLD COTTAGES AND THE HOUSING ACT

By A. R. POWYS, SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

THE treatment of old cottages spoken of in the article last week in *COUNTRY LIFE* raises points which deserve considerable discussion. That old cottages should be repaired and protected because of their fine qualities as works of art needs no emphasis here, but that such cottages should be repaired on purely economic grounds is a matter which demands more definite proof. Even when this fact is recognised, many difficulties stand in the way of getting the work done properly. The object of this article is to throw some light on these points, or at least to show where these difficulties lie.

To begin with, it may be said that in almost every case an old cottage can be made habitable at less cost than the building of a new one. How much less will depend on the state of the building, but where the walls are sound and the roof timbers are not too far gone, the saving, as compared with building anew, will certainly be very considerable.

A difficulty which arises at once in considering such work is that the production of plans and specifications for alterations of this kind takes the architect a far greater time, still more consideration, than is required for new work, and when he has arrived at his conclusions and has resolved them to paper, the builder, in his turn, finds himself unable to estimate the cost of these alterations with the same certainty that he has in dealing with an entirely new proposition. In a word, the time expended in the preparations for building a new house is much less than that spent in altering an old one, and the profit is less to both architect and builder. These facts naturally tend to hinder the repair of old cottages.

Then, besides this preliminary difficulty, the question of local by-laws has to be considered, though, from general experience in dealing with the problem, I should say that so long as an old cottage is made dry and is well ventilated, the by-laws which affect the heights of rooms have not been made a stumbling-block. Nor is there any reason that they should be, for at the present time, when fuel is so difficult to obtain, a low room (that is, one which approximates 7ft.) is much easier to warm throughout than one of greater height. What is wanted to ventilate a room are windows that open close under the ceiling, and this can be arranged in most cases.

The main defect that one finds in the country cottage is the dampness of the ground floor and the walls near the ground; so much so in some cases that one might say the walls are soaked with water. One cause of this is that owing to many years of cultivation the garden surface around the cottage rises considerably, with the result that the ground reaches a level many inches above the floor of the house. This defect, however, is not difficult to remedy. All that is necessary is to remove the earth to a width of about 8ft. from the cottage, and to a depth of 6ins. or 9ins. below the floor; this will allow the air to circulate freely around the base of the wall and so make it dry and render the house more healthy than is possible by almost any other means. As regards the floor itself, in almost every case it is desirable, if not necessary, that concrete should be laid over the whole area within the walls of the cottage. In doing this the habits of the inmates must be considered. As a rule, they like to lay linoleum in their rooms; and, to last long, linoleum needs a perfectly smooth under-surface: such a surface is given by an even cement face to the concrete. While considering this it must not be forgotten that in most old cottages an important source of beauty is the colour and texture of the old floor surface. In some parts of the country one sees stone flags; elsewhere fine red bricks. Both these are generally laid direct upon the earth, are therefore damp, and are the very surfaces on which not to lay linoleum, which not only rots, but is quickly worn owing to the irregular surface. It is, therefore, suggested that the best of the old floor materials should be collected and re-used in passages, entrance lobbies and wash-houses, while the living-room, at any rate, should be given an even floor. But a word of warning is necessary to those who lay such floors. If the concrete is laid direct on the earth it is almost certain to encourage condensation on its surface—"to heave," as it is called in Somerset. To prevent this, there should be a bed of clean broken brick or stone, and when this is provided the concrete itself may be reduced to a thickness of about 3ins. While we are considering the floor, it must not be forgotten that the height of the

room may be increased by lowering its original level—in a very low room 2ins. or 3ins. are of the utmost importance.

The next matter to refer to is the damp-course. But it is a mistaken idea that without this a house must necessarily be wet. Where a change of material takes place above ground, as in half-timber houses, it is not always necessary to insert a damp-course, nor is it necessary with thick rubble walls. This matter is one that can only be decided by the particular circumstances of each case.

Three other deficiencies in old cottages are common: there is often no food store, there are seldom fireplaces on the first floor, and the sizes of the windows are often too small.

If a cupboard for keeping food in cannot be discovered inside the house, it is an easy matter to add one at the back in the form of a small lean-to building.

As regards fireplaces upstairs. In old cottages one of the features which give them character is the chimney-stack; and it may be said that to add a new flue to an old chimney-stack will destroy its beauty. But if this is done in a reasonable way—even if modern materials are used (one might almost say because modern materials are used)—the addition will look sensible and, for that reason, will not be offensive. And in connection with this matter it is worth while to remember that a new fireplace and the flue from it can be built on a concrete base projecting from the back of the old chimney-stack, without disturbing any floor beams or joists, by arranging a 6in. reinforced concrete slab, tailed back into the old stack and set on the floor as on a temporary centering. This gives a hearth some 6ins. above the floor line, to which there is no objection.

Then as regards the size of the windows. We all know that an old cottage depends very largely for its beauty on the proportion of wall surface to window areas. To disturb this is, indeed, a serious matter. But in the interests of health one should not hesitate to do so. As a rule, rooms on the ground floor are sufficiently lighted and ventilated by their windows. It is when we get to the bedrooms that we find the defects to be greatest. There, in the majority of cases, the windows are placed at the floor level, or very little above it; and with that arrangement good ventilation and adequate lighting are impossible. To remedy this, it is generally quite easy to insert a new window, or, perhaps, to make use of the gable end. Windows in old cottages are often in exceedingly bad repair, and new frames—certainly new opening casements—are almost invariably needed. But there is no reason why these should not be made of the same form as those they replace.

Still another point to consider in the repair of an old cottage is the penetration of rain through the walls. In many parts of the country the local construction is such that this does not occur, but in others, as for instance where brick-nogged walls are the fashion, one comes across cases where rain penetration is very evident. We all remember certain cottages of this type where the beauty depends almost as much on the colour and texture of the outside wall surface as upon the form it takes; but a close study will often show that originally the brickwork was limewashed, and, on examination of similar houses, it will be seen that the custom of using limewash has not altogether died out. Limewash properly made and applied to the surface of the wall in two or three thin coats is an excellent protection against the weather. Some people might say that to limewash seventeenth century brickwork would be to destroy it for ever. I would ask these people whether it is better to let the whole go to ruin or to preserve it as a useful structure, and, at the same time, to retain those qualities of surface texture with which the limewash does not at all interfere. The natural change that the material makes is one of colour, and it gives a pleasing, clean and homely look. The truth of this statement will be soon apparent when we consider the pleasant cottage exteriors which are to be found in all parts of the country with ochre or ruddle-tinted walls.

An old cottage repaired on these lines will be found to satisfy the local authority. The question then remains as to who is to do this repair. Under the present Housing and Town Planning Act the local authority, after deciding that a cottage is unfit for human habitation (unless some such repairs are made), has power to issue an order requiring the owner,

"within a reasonable time," to execute such works as may be necessary "to make the house in all respects reasonably fit for human habitation." The owner then has three courses open to him: first, he may do nothing; secondly, he may, in writing, inform the local authority that the house is not worth repair; thirdly, he may set about to do the work.

In the first case, where he decides to do nothing, the local authority may, at the expiration of the time specified in their repairing order, do the work required to be done and recover, in a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, expenses so incurred. In the second case, where the owner states that the house is not worth repairing, the local authority, at the expiration of the time specified, may do the work and recover the costs, provided that the Ministry of Health have determined that "the house is capable, without reconstruction, of being made fit for human habitation." In the third case, the local authority has power "to lend to the owner the whole or any part of such sum as may be necessary to defray the cost of the works, and any costs, charges or expenses incidental thereto." The owner, therefore, cannot plead that he is unable to do the needed alterations and repairs to an old cottage on the ground that he has no money and cannot provide it.

Local authorities, then, have sufficient powers to save every valuable cottage in the country. But there are still other courses open to these authorities. They could acquire any houses which might be made suitable for habitation, together with the ground occupied by them. I think this is the most desirable course to be adopted, for the following reason: To make an old cottage properly habitable in the manner here suggested would cost a sum of money the interest on which may be greater than the rent likely to be obtained. An owner cannot be expected, and is not called on by the Act, to spend money on which he cannot get any return.

The estimates quoted in the newspapers for the new houses vary between £800 and £1,100. On such sums of money no reasonable return can be expected. Indeed, in the Act a provision seems to be made for loss likely to be incurred. These losses would be reduced where an old house is

re-adapted, for the cost of doing this is less by one-half or two-thirds than the cost of building anew throughout. By buying and repairing, therefore, housing committees would save a considerable sum. This does not mean that new houses should not be built, but that use should be made of those which already exist.

What, then, is wanted is that local authorities should consider our old cottages more methodically than we are led to think they are now doing. I know of one case where an out-of-the-way cottage was visited by such a body and condemned as totally unfit for human habitation. Then, owing to the housing pressure, it was re-inhabited by a hard-working family. A second visit was made by the authorities, who were surprised to find how exceedingly well the cottage appeared under these new conditions! As seen on the second visit, there appeared no reason why the house should be condemned. Certain modifications, such as those suggested above, were mainly desirable, but the house was so tidy, the ground around it so clean, and the situation so healthy, that no individual would ever presume to condemn it altogether. The point of this story is that, unless inspectors fully understand the possibilities of such cottages, they are deceived into thinking them perfectly uninhabitable because the occupants, for the time being, are slovenly and untidy, their method of living being reflected so strongly on the house as to make one think it equally undesirable. I would plead, then, that these cottages should not be condemned entirely without a very thorough inspection and much thought.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, whose pamphlet was reviewed last week, is a body whose advice on such subjects is always valuable when a case of the sort needs consideration. It may be added that the Ministry of Health evidently wishes to encourage the use of old cottages, and has asked for the Society's co-operation in certain cases. But on the general question of "ending or mending" old cottages there is very great need for public enlightenment, otherwise that which should be preserved will be swept away. It is hoped that the indications here given as to what can be done in the way of making new houses out of old ones will help in a very good cause.

BUILDING WITHOUT BRICKS

Cottage Building in Cob, Pisé, Chalk and Clay, by Clough Williams-Ellis. London: COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. (Price 6s. net; by post, 6s. 6d.)

IF things were normal and prices were low, and material and labour were plentiful, brick and stone houses would be going up on every hand, and we should accept this condition of affairs as preordained and not to be questioned. But things are not normal, prices are extraordinarily high, materials are scarce and labour is restive. Meanwhile, there is the insistent cry that the 500,000 new houses must be got on with without delay. The actual fact is, however, that they are not being got on with to any extent—except on paper. With affairs in this parlous state, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis's book comes along most opportunely. It shows us how to build without bricks, without mortar even. It sets out the facts about cob, *pisé de terre*, chalk, and unburnt clay, and thus has particular application to the rural housing problem. After reading it, some will be in the frame of mind that animated Goldsmith's scroffer who returned to pray. At any rate, no unprejudiced person can study the book without feeling that something really effective and satisfactory could and should be done with these little used materials. Cob, of course, has plenty of evidence to support the claims made for it. Devonshire is full of cob houses, and they are as delightful to look upon as they are comfortable to live in. The record of them takes us back centuries. Old buildings of chalk and clay-lump are similarly to be found in different parts of the country, testifying to their worth. It is *pisé de terre*, or, to give it a proper English name, rammed earth, which comes upon us almost as a new thing. One says "almost" advisedly, as there are the seventeenth century *pisé* buildings to remember in the Valley of the Rhone; and Pliny takes *pisé* back a thousand years and more when, in his "Natural History," he tells us of the watch towers of Hannibal with walls built "by enclosing earth within a frame of boards, constructed on either side." But *pisé* in its modern application at Newlands Corner, near Guildford, is a very new thing, and there seems to be good reason why it should receive careful consideration at this present time.

The experiments in *pisé* building which Mr. Williams-Ellis has made are exceedingly interesting. He gives full details of them in his book, while Mr. St. Loe Strachey, on whose property the experiments have been and are being carried out, offers a great deal of very convincing evidence in his breezy introduction.

This is such good reading that one would like to quote a lot of it, but space forbids, and it must suffice to recount very briefly how Mr. Strachey, when he took up *pisé*, was assured that everybody knew everything about it, whereas he found that nobody seemed to know anything about it. He built a little fruit house first, then his house-hospital extension in the form of a patients' dining-room, then a wagon house, and they all proved remarkably successful, the walls (unfortunately for the critics) having failed to fall down, and having proved that they can keep out the weather quite well; this last fact being particularly disconcerting to the critics in the case of the wall of the dining-room which faces the wet quarter and stands on ground 600ft. above sea level. The latest experiment of all, the building of a complete rural cottage in *pisé*, should prove particularly interesting.

Mr. Williams-Ellis has devised a very ingenious and effective form of shuttering for making the walls, and the detail drawing and photographs which he gives should be a great help in



COB HOUSE IN DEVONSHIRE, BY THE LATE MR. ERNEST GIMSON.

(Reduced Illustration.)

showing others the best way to carry out the work. *Pisé* is really the simplest possible manner of building, consisting of no more than ramming ordinary earth between such shuttering, and the particular merit for us is that the work can be carried out very much quicker than building with brick; moreover, the work can be done for the most part by unskilled men, and at far less cost than brick building, the material being got on the site and ready for use at once, thus eliminating the expense and delay of transport. The present reviewer at any rate feels that something on an extensive scale ought to be done in the way of building *pisé* cottages in rural districts.

Clay-lump, too, is well worth exploitation; in fact, everything is worth consideration as an alternative to building in the ordinary way with bricks. *Pisé*, or cob, or clay-lump is not the panacea for all the evils of the present house shortage; brick, no doubt, will have to be the material for the bulk of the houses. But these alternative methods of construction (to which concrete, in block or moulded form, should be added) ought to be made use of. And Mr. Williams-Ellis's book furnishes the essential information. "Broadly speaking," as the author says, "so far as rural housing is concerned, the solution must be sought through the use of natural materials already existing on the site, materials that can be worked straight into the fabric of the building, without any elaborate or costly conversion, and that by local labour." Therein especially rests the virtue of the four methods described in this most interesting and useful book.

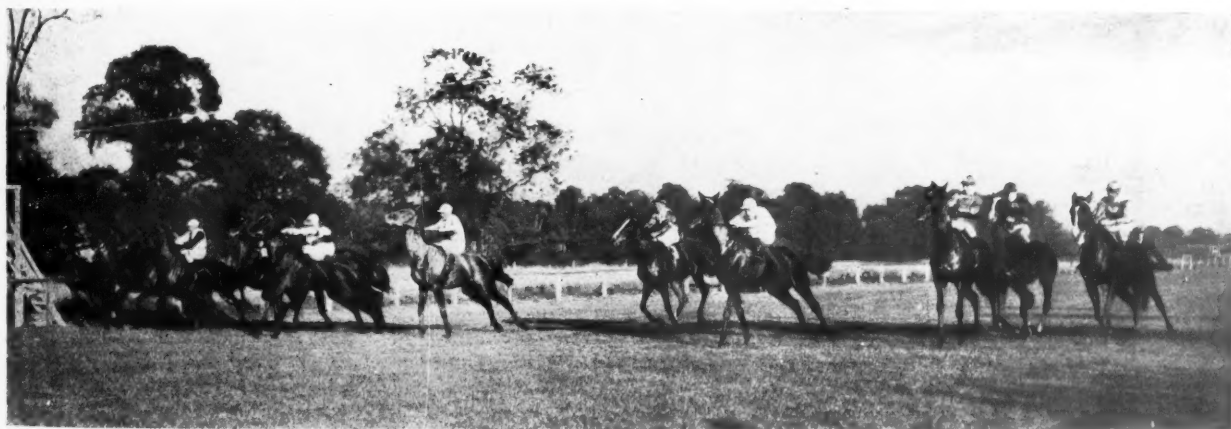
R. R. P.

THE NEW HOUSES

The Health Ministry's latest return of "housing progress," issued at the end of last week, states that schemes have now been approved for 24,388 houses. There is nothing said, however, as to how many of these paper houses are being built, nor what are the amounts of the accepted tenders. We turn elsewhere for such figures, and find, as one example, that the lowest tender for twelve houses proposed to be built by the Seaham Harbour Urban District Council is £12,255 for *building* only; and when to this is added the cost of fencing, sewerage and lay-out of roads, we reach an estimated total of £14,476. To give an economic return on these houses a weekly rent of 41s. each would have to be charged! Actually they are proposed to be let at 11s. 6d. Another example is afforded by the Peterborough Corporation scheme. For 500 cottages the tenders ranged from £833 to £1,045, and in face of these figures the Corporation are "reconsidering." The Willesden Council have been similarly frightened away from their scheme by finding that the cheapest cottages would have to be let at £1 13s. 5d. per week. But some councils are bold enough to proceed, like the Essex County Council, which has decided to build sixty-four houses for £61,069. Thoughtful people are asking what is to be the outcome of such a policy. Subsidising houses for one section of the community at the expense of all is fundamentally wrong and unsound, and sooner or later a scheme based on a proper economic rent will have to be adopted.

TURF REFORM

AN INSISTENT DEMAND FOR CHANGES



THERE is reform in the air, so to say, where the conduct of affairs on the Turf is concerned. Owners and breeders, the former in particular, are pressing for more generous terms. That ultra-conservatism of Jockey Club administration, of which I wrote last week, is at the root of the discontent, but there are also contributory causes. Owners look on while the racecourse executives are reaping bountiful harvests from the boom in racing. Knowing as they do that they alone provide the show which draws the people, they naturally want to participate in the form of having reduced entry fees and forfeits with increased stakes. And all the while they are feeling more and more the oppressive financial burdens of ownership, quite apart from those vexatiously big entry fees and forfeits. Charges as between 1914 and 1919 show a tremendous leap upwards. Oats, hay, and efficient labour have gone up in cost tremendously. Whereas a trainer could rub along in 1914 by charging only fifty shillings a week per horse, he now finds it hard to make both ends meet at four guineas. Naturally, they say something must be done immediately to alleviate their position.

Then the general public, too, want better accommodation and altogether better value for their money. They ask for greatly improved grand stands so that racing can really be seen. The time has gone by when such ridiculously inadequate stands as exist, say, at Kempton Park will be tolerated any longer. They want orderliness, and, in general, a place to which a lady may be taken, assuming that the lady in question is not a member of a club enclosure. At present no man will take a decent woman into the bear garden of a public enclosure with its hopelessly poor stand accommodation. My remedy for this and all other of the ills I have mentioned is the *Pari Mutuel* system of betting, from which ample revenue would be derived for immensely easing the position of owners and for making racecourses convenient, comfortable, and attractive places.

The Jockey Club, however, shy at the bare mention of the system, although several influential members are known

to be greatly in favour of it. Officially, the Club say they do not recognise betting. How absurd! They know that racing would not go on without it, and they know, too, that the great racing organisations of the Continent, North and South America, and the Colonies, owe their prosperity to their taxation of the gross volume of betting. Surely the Jockey Club tacitly recognise betting when they warn off defaulters at the instance of Tattersalls Committee. It is the plain duty of the Jockey Club to cast aside the hypocritical pretence of ignoring the vast volume of betting associated with racing, and seriously consider how it may be utilised and controlled for the general welfare of thoroughbred breeders and owners and the racing community generally.

The day will come—must come—when a change shall take place in this ancient Jockey Club point of view. Is legislation really necessary to sanction the *Pari Mutuel*? I know nothing of the legal aspect, and I may be foolish in imagining that there is nothing, beyond sentiment and prejudice, to prevent the Jockey Club from organising and controlling their own *Pari Mutuel* system. At any rate, what is to prevent them closing all enclosures to any but recognised bookmakers—not men of straw—who, with proved substantial backing, shall qualify to ply their trade in consideration of paying a substantial annual fee per annum for the privilege? It is not a new idea. It obtains in Austria, Australia and elsewhere, and large revenues are forthcoming each year. The point is that the war has created a new world in many respects. We have seen something of the results following on attacking ideas and principles which were once considered invincible, but which were too pedantic and retrogressive to remain in force. The new outlook is general in its application, and I am sure it applies to the Turf and its administration. It is to-day what it was years and years ago. Some of the best brains on the Turf are not in the Jockey Club, but that is because the steady tendency towards democratisation has not yet reached the seat of Government.

Soon a committee of the Jockey Club will report on an enquiry they have been conducting into the demands for bigger stakes and better racecourses, and it will depend on the nature of their report how far the authorities are really in earnest in recognising the demands for reform. They have been given many suggestions and they have had widely different points of view placed before them. They have listened to the owner, the breeder, and the racecourse managing directors. They have also been told that in addition to the "wants" outlined before much benefit might be derived from an amalgamation of forces such as would result from closing up third and fourth rate racecourses and merging them in others which would survive. In effect it would mean the adoption and exploitation of a policy of centralisation. It would be a grand move in the right direction, and I hope that the committee will have the courage to make an urgent recommendation on the question to the Jockey Club.

By the time these notes are in print the champion two year old Tetratema may have added the Middle Park Plate to his four other victories. He had the simplest possible task to win the valuable Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park.

Only two others, both unknown and unfancied, opposed him, and the young champion was never out of a three-parts speed gallop. I wrote a week or two ago, on the best authority, on the relative merits as two year olds of Tetratema and his distinguished sire, The Tetrarch, and I suggested then that the son was not as brilliant as his father. In last Sunday's *Observer* I notice that Mr. Edward Moorhouse remarks: "Though

he has not caused the sensation his sire, The Tetrarch, did when he was sweeping all before him as a two year old, it is pretty evident that the son is every bit as good." In saying again that The Tetrarch was much the better I may, perhaps, be allowed to quote Mr. Persse, the trainer of both. He was my authority for making the statement in the first instance. "The Tetrarch, of course, was the better," he said. "I never saw him so much as extended either at home or on a racecourse, except, perhaps, when he lost a number of lengths at the start of that race he won at Sandown Park. He did marvellous,

unheard-of things when tried at home. I have seen Tetratema extended." Mr. Persse is no doubt referring to a gallop or trial at home with an older horse or horses. Certain it is that Tetratema has not been fairly extended on a racecourse. I think he will make a better stayer than The Tetrarch would have done, and I venture that view because of his action and way of racing. The Tetrarch was a marvel at the start of his races, and it was by such methods he got his opponents hopelessly sprawling long before the end of his races.

The defeat of that good mare My Dear—last year's New Oaks winner—was a big disappointment to the powerful Man-

ton stable and to the public generally. She showed speed for a mile and then could not stay the extra quarter of a mile of the Duke of York Stakes, which Lord Glanely's Grand Fleet won. It seems hopeless to think of her now as a possible winner of the Cambridgeshire. A week hence I hope to go into that race in some detail. For the present let me say that Zinovia is confidently expected to win again.

PHILLIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch.

TETRATEMA.

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AN OLD GOLFING DIARY

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

AT the bottom of a dusty drawer, choked with the odds and ends of a house-moving, I have just come, with a thrill of joy, upon a very old friend. It is a golfing diary, kept religiously from 1899 to 1903. It was then abandoned, and, the virtuous habit once broken, I have never been able to settle down to it again, despite one or two spasmodic efforts. Yet this old book has given me so much pleasure in the re-reading that I urge other golfers to practise that which I now only preach.

In that diary is set down every single game that I played for four years—the date, the venue, the opponent, the odds if any, the result, and a line or so of remarks. The majority of the games have vanished completely from my memory: the record does not recall them in the least; the names of the opponents in some cases convey nothing, and I feel as if I were reading with very mild interest about two strange people. But in many cases the diary provides just the required stimulus, and on a sudden one can recall the whole scene, the sun shining or the wind raging, and the "inaccessible bunker" (surely I flattered myself here unduly) into which I drove at the last hole and so lost the match. The mere bare record of facts is not of very great value; it is the column of remarks that does the business. "Jolly dinner at the Grid afterwards" brings back a whole string of matches against Oxford, and I can feel the mud of Hinksey squelching again round my boots. "Ground like a brick, and a hurricane" summons up visions of Aberdovey in January—the ground frozen hard, the bitter east wind, and the kind but resolute host who dragged us firmly out from the fire after luncheon. It almost, incidentally, makes me think that both he and I were once younger and more foolish golfers than we are now. "Great field day—won three pots" refers

to a balmy day upon the same course, and I can still feel more than a little of the undisguised pleasure the words express.

The ecstatic observations of this kind seem to revive memories more readily than do the dismal ones. "Putting too awful" means nothing at all: it occurs too often. "Cannot play in these beastly medals" is a mere statement of the obvious. But on another day I find it solemnly stated that "Driving this day reached a pitch of badness which may have been equalled but never surpassed." That must have been a black and dreadful day to provoke so elaborate a comment: yet nothing of bitterness rises at the reading of it: a merciful wave of forgetfulness has obliterated the circumstance. Even "Putted into a rabbit scrape at the fifth hole" (I suppress the name of the course) leaves me calm. Those entries only are a little depressing which remind one of glorious hopes of a new era, soon after to be dashed. I find, for example, that I played with a well known professional, who "won by several holes"—doubtless they were past the counting—and also "taught me why I was standing crooked." I remember that game perfectly well.

That entry as to the man who beat me by "several holes" appears, I must confess, just a little disingenuous. I must have known by how many holes I lost. Yet on the whole the entries show a good standard of honesty. "Irritable and no pluck" is a palpably truthful comment, and so is "Played the fool at the end as usual." I am glad to find only two assertions as to "hard luck"; all the others, I suppose, must have been made orally to my conqueror or to third parties. "Did a 77 but he was too d—d good" (referring to a game with Mr. Sidney Fry) also shows some appreciation of the fact that we can be beaten without being "off our game." This reasonable amount of candour is, I think, essential in keeping a golfing diary.

However honest he may be, the golfer will find plenty of opportunity of being cynical at his own expense as he turns over the pages of past years. How neatly and precisely are the successes inscribed! the pretty little rows of fours, with here and there a sparkling three or a decent five. Perhaps, if it is a team match or a competition, the whole result is set out. And it may be seen by a study of inks and pens that the record was made at the earliest possible moment. During a run of good play the diary is properly kept up day by day. The bad days, on the other hand, are hastily scrawled in pencil, and several games are entered at one and the same time.

A golfing diary can be pleasantly combined with a golfing scrap-book. Snapshots and groups and even menus can be pasted in. They are not only rather entertaining in themselves, but this is the only way of preventing them from being lost or, at all events, cracked and crumpled beyond repair. In my own diary I kept laboriously, at the end of the book, a list of all the courses I had played on and all the team matches in which I had taken part, with a regular balance sheet of holes and matches won and lost. It appears that by the end of 1903 I had played in 103 team matches. With the matches of sixteen years to be added on—five of them, to be sure, blank years, save for two matches in Macedonia—I am inclined to think I must be nearly a record-holder in this respect, though, alas! I cannot prove it. I have so much amused myself by looking at my old diary that I feel half disposed to begin again. But I know I shall not. On the appointed day I should be beaten by 7 and 6, and then I should postpone the beginning till another day. Nevertheless, I strongly recommend other people to start at once.

BROUGH HILL FAIR

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

NOT many fairs, surely, are held in the open country on the King's highway, and a probable Roman way at that? They occur mostly within the precincts of town or village, often in the time-honoured sanctuary of the market square. We are still accustomed to pen sheep on our greens and to chaffer for cattle in our streets, carefully railing off our more aristocratic doorsteps and gravelled drives. Fair Day brings with it even now its faint reflex of a childish thrill, when we wake in the early morning to the endless padding of little feet. Still we look for the droves passing down dappled under the Spanish chestnuts, which are flaring and fine with the fangles of autumn or verdant and candled in the month of May. The consciousness of general inconvenience, which creeps upon us with the years, has not yet urged us to active protest. That our forefathers chose to hold their fairs between the houses and under people's noses still seems sufficient reason why they should continue to flourish under ours. Scarcely in our time will this rather troublesome practice be abolished. As yet the tradition that brings man and stock into the safety and conviviality of the nearest town seems too strong to break.

But there is no pandering to either of these human desires at the famous and ancient horse fair of Brough Hill. Its home is on the high allotment lands above the little double town, rolling away like a cloud on the north-east to the fells of Hillbeck, Warcop and Dow Crag. For centuries it has been held on that high, bare place, where there is not so much as a tree, and generally under such wild and wet conditions that "Brough Hill weather" has passed as a synonym into the language. Brough-under-Stainmore—"the borough under a stony hill"—is itself more ancient than any fair. Once an important station on the Maiden Way, and with its ruined castle raised on the site of the original Roman fort, it testifies to the enormous tenacity of a human community in maintaining itself in the same place. The road slides out to the east into the lonely places of Stainmore, and on the west climbs towards Appleby over the long gradient of Brough Hill.

The fair hangs from either slope of the summit like a black ribbon flung dangling across a mound. On one side of the road is a grassy border lined with traps and cars, and, banked above it, on the other is a wide space crowded with horses and folk, cheap-jacks, booths and stalls. From the pony rings, with their bursts of excitement, to the potters' encampment and the swings, this natural stage is all one stirring, shifting mass. The road, too, is packed with horses and folk, horses tied head and tail, horses showing their paces to possible buyers, motor cars snoring their way through, and hawkers driving their light, shallow, raking carts as if the Father of Darkness were at their heels.

It is an old fair, the small beginnings of which date as far back as 1329; but it is an old fair for young stuff. Once it included sheep and cattle, and even woollen goods, as well as horses of a lighter type. Now, however, it is mainly for working horseflesh in the rough—Clydesdale, pony and stout cob. The made horse, indeed, is in the minority all through. The raw ponies from the fells, which provide the chief amusement of the day, come in from their wild homes in unaltered droves. Bunched nose to nose in mobs of bay and rusty black, these long-tailed, unshod youngsters cling together like some captured and hustled clan. From time to time one is cut out and paraded to yellings and crackings and hasty scuttlings of the hampered crowd; but once it is free it goes back to its bunch like the loosed needle to the Pole. They are small, but strong, hardy,

sure-footed, fearless and fast. The best type of pony from this country, when properly bred and made, cannot be beaten for endurance, sagacity, docility and pluck.

But horses, and mostly loose horses, are thick as flies on this mile-long stretch, ending with the Shetland ponies in the potters' camp. It seems almost as if they might be had for the asking, but that is hardly the way of things at Brough Hill Fair. Its sinister reputation may be yielding to more respectable methods, but the wise buyer will still keep his hands in his pockets until he is perfectly sure. It is true that the quality of the crowd has changed, and that the three-card man may possibly hide no longer between the booths. Numbers of those present are sightseers from a distance, and well clad farmers' sons replace the roughriders of the past. But always through the veil of the new generation the old face keeps peeping through. Still you may see that peculiarly wastrel type which seems to have no name, whose eternal attraction is the horse. The old fair still draws the famous characters of the countryside—the sporting peer, the well known breeder, the horse judge, the Master of Hounds. And still pervading all is the potter, lean and lithe, with his coloured neckcloth under his dark face, his dare-devil driving and his painted cart, and his light, furtive step that seems always as if it walked the earth unshod.

The potters grow richer perhaps, but it is in very little else that they seem to change. Still they keep intact the alien type which excites in us always the some thrill of mystified interest. Still their encampments show the same mixture of muddle and beauty, the same flashes of colour strange to English eyes. Wherever they halt, group their vans and light their fires, the same enthralling picture springs into being. They live in a world of their own, from which the huge mass of those of us outside must seem like indefinite figures on some distant planet. It is a world of vivid contrasts in an embattled ring—of warm light circled by a mighty dark; of freedom that is yet always more or less under the ban of the Law; of the blue and orange of baggage coverings and the rusty black of kettles and tripods; of vans, green, scarlet and gold, with silver axles, curtains of orange silk; of black velvet bodices, dark faces, bright necklaces, jet braids. And never does this strange-coloured cosmos show to greater advantage than on a Northern moor. In the silence and high loneliness it makes for itself a marvel of human comfort, in the shadows brilliance, in the wild a home.

It is the wild things and the lone and the old things that the mind carries away with it for its growing store. Not the tame, treed country that greets you as you travel South, but the bare uplands hard against the sky. Not the fine Clydesdales peacefully trailing home, but the rough ponies which know what the night is like between the fells. Not the busy motor car and the sightseer "from below," but the coloured camp on the hill-top and the Romany who walks the Roman road as though his feet were bare.

The 25th Division in France and Flanders, by Lieutenant-Colonel M. Kincaid-Smith. (Harrison and Sons, 4s. net.)

THE division is the largest embodied unit of the Army. Each division that took part in the European War had its own individuality; its peculiar reputation: was known by its cryptic divisional sign—the horseshoe, the rectangle quartered. It were to the interest of the Army to emphasise the distinction; it were to the interest of military history to preserve the individuality. One welcomes, therefore, *The 25th Division in France and Flanders*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Kincaid-Smith, believing it to be the first though doubtless not the last of semi-official records of units that played a stirring part in the great drama which has now closed. We say "semi-official": the book as produced is written in a semi-official style. There is here no descriptive word-painting of battles; no elaboration: it is the work of a soldier; such, we conceive, being the province of the historian, would be out of place. But it is an exact, a compact, an easily understood, a detailed and a valuable record. The 25th Division was raised during the latter months of 1914, proceeded to France in September, 1915, and took part in most of the major fighting until June, 1919, when, owing to lack of reinforcements, it was disbanded. It consisted of battalions of the South Wales Borderers, the Loyal North Lancs Regiment, the Cheshires, the Wiltshires, the Worcesters, the Royal Irish Rifles, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the South Lancs Regiment, and the Border Regiment. Its casualties were heavy: 45,803 in all, of which the great number of 10,315 were missing. The book is conveniently arranged. The Battle Order of the division on July 1st, 1916, is followed by a chapter on the Battle of the Somme, which recounts in precise language and considerable detail the movements and several actions in which the 25th Division took part during that memorable engagement. Various units of the division, companies and even platoons are mentioned by name, together with their leaders. This seems on the whole a good plan, for although a great deal of fine work must remain unrecognised for lack of any living recorder and other reasons, so much is placed on record and will serve to perpetuate or to jog the memory in days to come. A list of the honours won in the battle follows, together with a brief description in each case of the deeds for which they were awarded. In regard to this, we will only suggest that the method of selecting "some of the more notable acts of gallantry" for perpetuation may conceivably prove a trifle invidious, since, as everybody knows, no small share of a successful recommendation consisted in the writing of it. The only practical suggestion we have to offer for the guidance of those who may contemplate producing a similar work of reference—and it is to be hoped there are many—is that an index, or at any rate a list of contents, be included. For the rest, *The 25th Division* may be taken as quite a pattern of what such a book should be.

NATURE NOTES

MUSK OXEN AT THE ZOO

THE Zoological Society are to be congratulated upon the acquisition of two young musk oxen (*Ovibos moschatus*), the first of their kind that have ever been exhibited at the Gardens. It is a pity, however, that both of them are females. The animals appear to be about the same age, yet there is a considerable difference in their respective size, the smaller of the two being about as large as a Newfoundland dog, and the larger standing about twice as high. They have been placed in the large circular enclosure which was formerly the home of the takin, and it is to be hoped



NEWLY ARRIVED AT THE ZOO.

that the newcomers will thrive as well as our old friend, who lived there for a number of years.

Now that the cold weather is setting in, the chance of the animals becoming acclimatised in this country should be good, but whether they will be able to withstand a London fog or the heat of a summer remains to be seen, the species being an Arctic one that ranges from the most northern part of America to Greenland. Although these animals go by the name of oxen, yet, in reality, they are more nearly related to the sheep. In zoological classification they stand by themselves as a distinct genus, of which they form the sole representative. The coat of the musk ox is very thick and long, that upon the throat and flanks being of exceptional length. The short tail is almost completely, if not entirely, hidden by hair. The general colour of the coat is of a dark brown tint, but beneath the long outer hair lies an undercoat of soft wool which is light brown in colour. The horns of the new arrivals are only beginning to sprout, but in the adults they curve downwards along the sides of the face as far as the eyes, where they then turn sharply upwards and forwards, forming a very pronounced hook. Those of the bulls are larger than those of the cows. They are also much wider and flatter at their bases, meeting one another at the middle of the forehead. The limbs are heavy and short, and the feet large. A peculiar feature in regard to the hoofs is that the inner portion upon each foot is pointed, and the outer one rounded. A growth of hair sprouts between the two sections, thereby enabling the animals to secure a firm foothold upon the icebound ground of their habitat.

In early days the range of the musk ox extended much further afield than it does at present, its presence having been traced to Germany, France and England. The late Mr. Lydeker records that its skulls have been dredged from the Dogger Bank.

In a wild state the animals associate in herds, dwelling amid the bleak and barren regions, and feeding upon the none too plentiful Arctic vegetation. Although the Esquimo occasionally wages war against these animals in order to procure their thick coats, yet the only natural enemy they have to contend against is the Arctic wolf. When defending themselves against these four-footed adversaries, the oxen endeavour to make a stand upon a hillock or elevated ground, from which point of vantage they face their foes and await the attack. The term "musk," it may be mentioned, as applied to these animals, refers to the peculiar odour and flavour of their flesh. W. S. B.

THE HUNTING TACTICS OF THE STOAT.

The hunting tactics of the stoat are extraordinarily beautiful to witness. They are most wonderful performances, and almost resemble some fascinating game. In fact, many observers consider that they are done to fascinate the birds that always gather to mob a stoat when they catch sight of one hunting.

A short time ago I was attracted by the alarm notes of some wrens, and when I found a succession of greenfinches, wrens, tits and warblers making for a certain apple tree in the orchard,

I knew that a stoat was hunting, and also made my way in that direction. All the birds were gathering on the lower branches of the tree and raising a loud outcry as they looked at one particular clump of ox-eye daisies, meadowsweet and other weeds. (The grass and weeds in the orchard are allowed full sway until the various warblers are through with their nesting.)

At first I could see nothing of the stoat. Then a beautiful slim form literally shot up through the weeds and made a vast swimming jump over the top of all, disappearing again into the growth. Again and again the stoat appeared, and then I found that it was jumping in a wide circle around one particular mass of meadowsweet. Around and around it went, the bird's uttering their alarm notes overhead and every now and then fluttering down on to the meadowsweet. But apparently the stoat was paying no heed to them. At last the circling jumps reached the centre and the stoat appeared to be literally dancing up and down amid the stalks of the meadowsweet. Then for a few moments it was quiet, to jump finally out of the mass carrying a dead field mouse in its mouth. It made several long flying jumps over the top of the grass until it came to a little run, down which it scampered to a stone wall, into which it disappeared. It reappeared a little later and returned to the clump of meadowsweet, and another dead mouse was carried back to its home. The performance was repeated seven times, showing plainly that the stoat had rounded up a family of field mice, driving them into a centre, and there killing them all before taking any back to its lair.

No doubt the performance so terrified the mice that they did not attempt to break away and seek freedom in flight. The circling jumps were always in the same direction, around and around, and there was never any change of direction. When the chase is in short grass and more open country, the manoeuvres are very quaint. The stoat will roll and gambol, twisting and turning, creeping on all fours with belly to ground, but always narrowing the circle until it reaches the creature it is stalking in such a weird fashion. I have seen the performance enacted around a thrush that turned and turned around, watching the stoat, uttering alarm notes at intervals; but this hunting was not successful, for the thrush suddenly fluttered up and away, and the stoat loped off in another direction. Perhaps it had mistaken the thrush for a silly young partridge, and was annoyed at the bird being able to fly off. Who knows? H. T. C.

TRACKS IN THE DUCKWEED.

The low-lying Essex flats are seamed with innumerable ditches, and everywhere the stagnant water is carpeted with duckweed. This green film records faithfully the wanderings of the wild creatures which haunt the creeks. In certain places, particularly where an elbow in the ditch makes a wider space, the duckweed is swept aside, leaving a clear stretch of dark water. A few scattered feathers show that the nocturnal visitors are wild duck. The common wild duck does most of its feeding at night; the day is spent safely in the middle of some wide bay in the lower Thames, but as soon as it becomes dark, little parties, twos, threes and fours, fly inland to their own particular chosen spots, and spend the night in feasting.

Only here and there does one find these duck pools; throughout the greater part of the ditches the film of weed is continuous. Nearly everywhere, however, can be seen narrow meandering tracks, where the duckweed has been slightly disturbed by small swimming creatures. These lines are caused by water-rats, which find congenial surroundings in these repulsive Essex ditches, and consequently inhabit them in great numbers. Water-rats do not seem to travel very far from the particular part of a ditch where they make their home. This is indicated by the fact that a short length of ditch will be seen with the weed zig-zagged with tracks, while above and below the film will be unbroken. A pair of rats with their young ones occupy a certain section of creek, and apparently hold no communication with their neighbours. The little creatures make sitting platforms in the banks above the level of the water, and sit out on their hind legs, like squirrels. The water-rat is a vegetable eater, as anyone of an observant disposition can easily see, but it is quite likely that young ducks and moorhens are killed when opportunity offers. If a wild duck and her brood are closely watched, it will be noticed that a certain proportion of the ducklings always unaccountably disappear. When one has shot a great number of water-rats with an air-rifle, it is consoling to make a case against them, and shooting water-rats with an air-rifle is quite good sport in a humble way. The rats are wary and shy, so that the gunner has to steal very quietly along the ditches in order to get shots. The No. 2 or '22 air-rifle is very much better for this sort of thing than the No. 1 or '176. The larger bore, while equally accurate, has much greater stopping effect. The air gunner will occasionally get shots at other things besides rats. Bagging a duck or wood-pigeon with the air-rifle is equivalent to landing a salmon on a trout rod. FLEUR DE LYS.